

WHO'S AFRAID OF LUCILLE BALL?

DAVID THOMSON

IS CLINTON BEHIND CLARK?

RYAN LIZZA

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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An
Appreciation

ONATHAN CHAIT

BUSH HATRED

A Critique

AMESH PONNURU

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CORRESPONDENCE

ALTERED STATES

STATE GOVERNMENTS ARE SO LOW on funds that many are hiking college tuitions, cutting aid to the needy, laying off teachers, and canceling health insurance for working-poor families ("States' Rites," August 11). Yet Gregg Easterbrook thinks the federal government should be giving even less money to the states than it already is.

Easterbrook calls federal grants to states "donations," and it's true that, in the 1970s, the federal government's "revenue-sharing" program doled out large sums to states and local governments. But that program ended two decades ago, and federal aid today is all program-specific. The biggest source of funds now is Medicaid, the national health care program for poor families, children, seniors, and people with disabilities. States administer Medicaid in line with federal rules and match every two federal dollars, on average, with roughly one of their own. Soaring drug prices and the aging population are increasing the fiscal burden on the states as well as on the federal government. For these reasons, Medicaid increasingly is viewed not as a boon but as an increasing burden for states.

Outside of Medicaid, federal grants now fund a smaller share of state and local spending than they did 20 years ago and are projected to fall further throughout the next five years. Meanwhile, many of the federal government's recent domestic policy initiatives—e.g., tightening educational standards and requiring more testing in the No Child Left Behind Act, expanding children's health insurance, and improving election procedures—require billions of new state dollars. The Council on Foreign Relations says new homeland security burdens will cost state and local governments many tens of billions throughout the next five years.

There's nothing inherently wrong with the federal government treating state governments as partners in domestic policy initiatives. States and localities often are best-suited to administering national policy in a manner responsive to local needs. Moreover, a person's well-being often depends on good public policy and sound budgets nation-

wide, not just in his own state.

NICK JOHNSON

*Director, State Fiscal Project
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PLAYING GOD

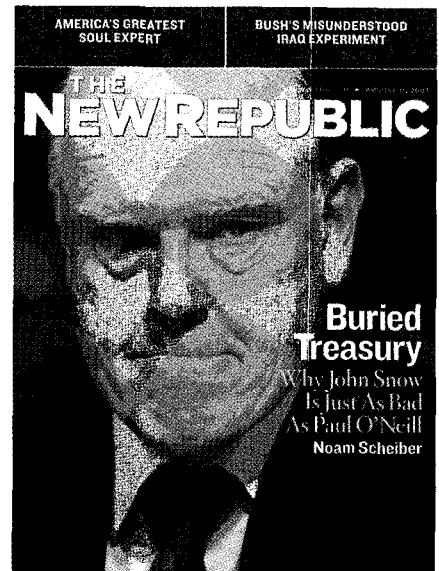
PAULA FREDRIKSEN HAS WRITTEN what can be fairly characterized as a preemptive and highly biased strike against Mel Gibson's *The Passion* ("Mad Mel," July 28 & August 4). She and those with whom she was associated in this critique blast Gibson for not relying on the best scholarship upon which to base a screenplay. The religiously "traditionalist" actor has every right to decide for himself how best to present such a controversial matter as the crucifixion of Jesus. Why should he be subject to standards not required of other artists and writers? The author tips her hand in her final sentence when she predicts that the film will lead to new pogroms against Jews. And all this without even viewing the film.

JACK FEEHILY

Moore, Oklahoma

FREDRIKSEN WRITES THAT ORTHODOX Jews "tend to know next to nothing about the Gospels," which I will not dispute. But, even if Orthodox Jews are ignorant of the Gospels, they are certainly not ignorant of anti-Semitism. According to *The Washington Times*, Icon Productions is shopping the movie to Orthodox Jews. Therefore, if there is anything in *The Passion* that could be fairly described as anti-Semitic, I am confident that the Orthodox Jewish screeners will make Icon aware of it and that Icon will expunge it.

Fredriksen also writes that "evangelical Christians . . . know their Scriptures very, very well," and she expresses hope



that their biblical literacy will cause Icon to stumble. But it appears that evangelical Christians are clearing rather than obstructing Icon's path. Don Hodel, president of Focus on the Family (a well-known evangelical Christian organization), saw the *The Passion* and said that "[t]he movie is historically and theologically accurate." Ted Haggard, pastor at New Life Church and president of the National Association of Evangelicals (the largest evangelical group in the United States), saw *The Passion* and said that "[i]t conveys, more accurately than any other film, who Jesus was" and that "it is consistent with Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John."

Finally, Fredriksen writes that a reporter for Zenit, a Catholic news service based in Rome, had written a report on the controversy surrounding *The Passion*. She said that the reporter had gone to the website of Amy-Jill Levine, one of the theologians on the ad hoc scholars' panel, and had pulled Levine's self-

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description for use in the Zenit report. Fredriksen then recklessly insinuates that the reporter is an anti-Semite by writing that "nothing in particular distinguished [Levine] from the rest of us except, perhaps, the humor of her self-description and her recognizably Jewish name." Here's the quote as it appears in the Zenit article: "One of the signers of the [panel's report], Amy-Jill Levine of Vanderbilt University, describes herself as a 'Yankee Jewish feminist ... with a commitment to exposing and expunging anti-Jewish, sexist, and heterosexist theologies.'" It is true that, in talking about the composition of the panel, the Zenit reporter specifically identified Levine. It is possible that the reporter was motivated by anti-Semitism. However, given some people's preoccupation with academic bias, it's more likely that the Zenit reporter used Levine's self-description to discredit the panel's findings by suggesting that she was neither objective nor theologically orthodox and that, by extension, neither was the panel. Indeed, I think it's safe to say that very few theologians who describe themselves as Yankee Jewish feminists committed to exposing and expunging heterosexism are either theologically orthodox or objective. I doubt that the Zenit reporter singled out Levine because of her Jewishness but because of what appeared to be an agenda driven by her progressive political views and, perhaps, the reporter's desire to paint the panel with the same brush.

JOE DiRENZO
Elmont, New York

PAULA FREDRIKSEN REPLIES:

As Jack Feehily rightly points out, Gibson has "every right to decide for himself" how to present his movie. But does he have a "right" to *misrepresent* what his movie is? Gibson has repeatedly claimed that *The Passion* is both scripturally faithful (an "accurate" rendering of the gospel material) and historically accurate (true to a plausible reconstruction of early first-century Jerusalem). In fact, it is neither. That is the problem. I am not sure how my concerns about violence against Jews "tips [my] hand" about anything; and I would hope that such violence would concern Feehily, too. Finally, as the chronology in my article argued and as the four-minute trailer for the movie and subsequent reports from viewers have confirmed, the script that we saw

was the script that Gibson shot from. That is how I know what the movie is about—though I am sure that the grisly makeup and Gibsonian gore make the visual experience even more lurid than was the script itself.

Critics of Gibson's movie, Icon's supporters have charged, are "secularist." Since three of the scholars I worked with are in holy orders and since all of us teach in Christian theological institutions, Icon's creativity obviously does not end at the cutting room. But this bogus political climate is what prompts many of Icon's Orthodox Jewish apologists, themselves right-wing pundits, to lend their names to Gibson's effort. Professional evangelicals, eager to support any "Christian" effort against sinful, secular Hollywood, have been similarly moved. I am still counting on the people in the pew who, when they view Gibson's movie, will not recognize any gospel known to them. Finally—and most insidiously—Icon's publicity has noisily emphasized Jewish criticism while studiously effacing or ignoring Christian, and particularly Catholic, criticism, which has been

equally articulate and public. Joe DiRenzo will forgive me, perhaps, if I see Zenit's singling out Levine as part of this overall strategy.

One last word about "orthodoxy." Gibson, who rejects both the pope and the teaching of ecumenical councils, considers himself a "traditionalist" Catholic. The evangelicals whose support he busily solicits are condemned to hell in this view, since they are not "Catholic," as he is. The entire Catholic Church except for his own breakaway sect is fatally lapsed. Gibson's idea of "orthodoxy" is, in short, *his* "doxy." Levine's theology is neither less nor more informed by her own moral and political commitments, though at least she names what these are, argues for them, is self-conscious and critical of them, and does not pretend that she and those of like mind are the sole possessors of truth. That appropriate humility about knowing the mind of God—not feminism, not Jewishness, not her commitment to combating homophobic ideology—is the real difference between their respective theologies. ■



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Banished

EVERYWHERE WE WENT LAST week, on a trip to the Middle East generously organized by the Washington Institute for Near East Policy, our small band of journalists and think-tankers asked Israeli officials what would happen if they expelled or killed Yasir Arafat. They all gave the same reply: Not much. Sure, the Europeans would scold and the Arabs would shout, but eventually people would adjust to life without the discredited septuagenarian and a new, more moderate Palestinian leader would take his place. "[Sheik Ahmed] Yassin also thought he couldn't be touched," said one top Israeli military official the day after Israel tried to assassinate the Hamas leader, "[yet] there was no earthquake in the Muslim world, even among the Palestinians." A senior Cabinet minister argued, "If he's out, it will give an opportunity to some [more moderate] Palestinian leader to emerge. ... There is [already] strong delegitimation of Arafat in the U.S., Europe, even the Arab world."

Are the Israelis right? No one knows for sure. But every Palestinian we talked to—including many who loathe Arafat—said they're dead wrong. Palestinian economist Samir Abdullah warned that "[the] leading role in the PLO will be occupied by extremist groups, and this will make it difficult to resume the peace process." Asked who might replace an exiled Arafat, Mudar Kassis, a philosophy professor at Birzeit University, replied, "Nobody will be willing to do that. It's simple treason. That's what people would say. ... You might not like George W. Bush, but you don't want him to get exiled."

Palestinian liberals say there is only one way to destroy Arafat: politically. And Israel may have blown its best chance to do just that. In former Prime Minister Mahmoud Abbas, Israelis had a Palestinian leader who said all the things they had been waiting to hear. At the Aqaba summit that officially launched the road map, Abbas didn't just call terrorism counterproductive, he called it "inconsistent with our religious and moral traditions." He said, "We do not ignore the suffering of the Jews throughout history." He promised to "act vigorously against incitement to violence and hatred" and conspicuously failed to reiterate the Palestinian demand for a right of return.



But Abbas, who had long toiled in Arafat's shadow, lacked a significant popular base. And Arafat still controlled most of the Palestinian security services. According to anti-Arafat Palestinians, Abbas needed to show that his nonviolent approach could win the Israeli concessions promised in phase one of the road map. Having materially improved Palestinian lives, he might then enjoy the public support to wrest control of the security services from Arafat and launch a frontal assault on terrorist groups like Hamas. Khalil Shikaki, the Palestinian pollster attacked by Arafat's goons after publishing a survey showing that most refugees would not return to Israel, put it this way: "Had Israel been interested in [Abbas's] success, it would have done everything but move into the second phase, then demand a crack-down [on Hamas]. Then [Abbas] could have gone to [the Palestinian] parliament and said, 'I need control of the security forces to crack down.' [Arafat's loyalists] would have fought it, but [Abbas] could have succeeded."

But Israel never made Abbas's success a priority. Phase one required Israel to freeze the growth of settlements and to dismantle outposts erected since March 2001. In practice, American officials asked Israel merely to do one of the two. Israel chose to dismantle the outposts. And, according to American officials, Ariel Sharon's government did dismantle close to 30. But almost as many new ones sprung up in their place. Meanwhile, of the 220 checkpoints in the West Bank, Israel took down five. Said Shikaki, "We didn't feel a thing in Ramallah. I didn't feel a single change in my life."

To be sure, the Palestinians didn't fulfill their commitments, either. After the Aqaba summit, Palestinian security chief Mohammed Dahlan produced a 90-day plan for taking on Hamas, which Israel

and the United States accepted. Dahlan closed down 39 Hamas bank accounts, and even Israeli officials acknowledged his good-faith effort to stop the group's financing. Dahlan's men poured cement down five tunnels allegedly used for smuggling weapons from Egypt into Gaza. Israeli officials scoffed that the terrorists could simply open new entrances. The United States was trying to find a military engineer to make an independent assessment when the road map collapsed. When it came to actually arresting Hamas members, Dahlan did little. Palestinian officials say he needed time to build up the Palestinian Authority's ravaged security infrastructure: Lacking police cars, his men traveled in taxis. The Israelis and Americans say he didn't do what he himself had promised.

The Israelis demanded strict parity, and, since Abbas wasn't fulfilling his obligations, Sharon avoided fulfilling his. In a narrow sense, then, Israel's behavior was fair. But it wasn't wise. Missing was any understanding that Abbas—who even Israeli hard-liners concede genuinely abhors terrorism—was valuable in and of himself, that helping him supplant Arafat was more valuable to Israel's security than demanding lockstep reciprocity for every Israeli concession. One Abbas ally said, "I told Sharon, [Defense Minister Shaul] Mofaz, [Defense Ministry adviser Amos] Gilad, that this government might not last more than three months. I said it was in their hands. They thought I was speaking poetry or trying to bribe them."

If Israel had done more to help Abbas, would it ultimately have made a difference, especially after Hamas's August 19 bus bombing in Jerusalem? (Palestinian officials say that, after the attack, Dahlan finally agrees to arrest large numbers of Hamas militants; Israelis say he dithered, leaving them no alternative but to act themselves.) Who knows? But, even if the answer is no, Israel wouldn't have lost anything by trying. It would merely have found itself in the same hideous place it is today.

The day Abbas resigned, we met three young members of the Palestinian Legislative Council, all reformers, far closer to Abbas and jailed Tanzim leader Marwan Barghouti than to Arafat. "We are the losers with his resignation," said one. "We are in shock. It's hard to talk because we are so upset." I wish I had heard at least one Israeli official say the same.

PETER BEINART

Labor Pain

CANCUN, THE SPRING-BREAK destination of choice for thousands of inebriated co-eds, has never exactly showcased Americans at their best. And it richly lived up to that reputation last week, when American negotiators joined their European counterparts in stymieing proposals by developing countries to dismantle the agricultural subsidies that condemn millions of Third World farmers to poverty.

A great opening, you'd think, for the Democrats running for president. After all, candidate after candidate has slammed the Bush administration for poisoning America's relations with the rest of the world, and senior Democrats like Joseph Biden have argued that, to win the war on terrorism, the United States must reduce the developing-world poverty that breeds extremism.

Unfortunately, this year's crop of Democratic candidates hasn't attacked the Bush administration for its economically nonsensical, poverty-breeding protectionism. To the contrary, they've attacked the president for not being protectionist *enough*. The bad-old days of the 1980s, when Democrats pandered to labor's worst instincts, are back.

Unsurprisingly, Dick Gephardt is taking the lead. In recent months, Gephardt has led congressional opposition to new trade agreements with Chile and Singapore and blamed trade links with China for siphoning off U.S. jobs. More depressing is the eagerness of his competitors, many of whom have supported free trade in the past, to line up behind him. As *The New York Times* reported, at an AFL-CIO debate last month, "All but one of the nine Democratic presidential candidates ... [called for] restrictions on free-trade policies." Indeed, John Edwards, who in 2000 supported

a trade deal with China, recently voted against the deals with Chile and Singapore although they are similar. Howard Dean has threatened to withdraw the United States from the World Trade Organization (WTO). John Kerry—who, in a characteristic waffle, managed to absent himself from the Senate during the Chile and Singapore votes—told the AFL-CIO audience he would vote against a trade agreement covering the Western hemisphere, according to *The Washington Post*. Only Joe Lieberman, to his great credit, warned Democrats at a debate earlier this month that protectionism could wreck the U.S. economy.

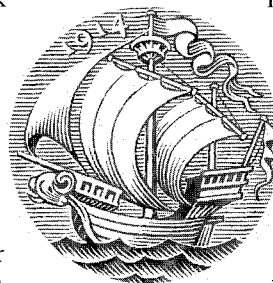
In past presidential election years, Democrats who have pandered to protectionist unions in the primary have tacked back toward free trade during the general election under pressure from Republican opponents. But, this year, that may not happen. President Bush, after all, has slapped 30 percent tariffs on imported steel and signed a bill providing \$170 billion in farm subsidies. Given Bush's own willingness to use protectionism to compete in states like Pennsylvania and Ohio, the 2004 general election could become a race to the bottom on trade, leading

to new restrictions on imports if the winner keeps his campaign promises and making future Cancun debacles more likely.

That would be a disaster. Rolling back trade deals, blocking new agreements, or imposing tariffs on China will not bring textiles back to the Carolinas or manufacturing back to the Rust Belt. If U.S. companies cannot get what they need from China, they will simply turn to the Philippines, Vietnam, or other countries that possess comparative advantages. The Democratic candidates should remind their party activists that, in the 1990s, the decade they keep celebrating, increased free trade and economic and wage growth went hand in hand. Indeed, a major study by the University of Michigan determined that the average American family would gain \$2,500 from future global trade deals, such as those torpedoed in Cancun.

Trade, as Biden notes, can even help boost national security. A 2001 free-trade deal with Jordan, where Islamists gained power in the late '90s, has helped boost Jordan's exports to the United States thirtyfold in five years—and helped the Hashemite Kingdom remain one of the most moderate countries in the Middle East.

How the Democratic candidates approach trade is, of course, only one piece of the broader challenge of convincing Americans they can manage the country better than President Bush. Bill Clinton finally convinced Americans that the Democrats were trustworthy economic stewards, and, with their opposition to Bush's lunatic tax cuts, today's candidates might do the same. But taking leave of their senses regarding Cancun doesn't help. ■



NOTEBOOK

DICK CHENEY WRESTLES REALITY ... *Bush v. Gore* HAUNTS CALIFORNIA

CHEAT THE PRESS

DICK CHENEY'S RARE TV APPEARANCES always warrant attention, but his defense of the administration's Iraq policy on NBC's "Meet The Press" this Sunday was a one-of-a-kind performance. Rejecting any suggestion of insufficient planning by the administration, Cheney insisted the White House had underestimated neither the number of troops nor the amount of money needed for the postwar occupation. In fact, even though President Bush just asked Congress for an additional \$87 billion, most of which is for rebuilding the country, Cheney suggested Iraq could pay for its own reconstruction: "Iraq sits on top of ten percent of the world's oil reserves. ... The fact is, there are significant resources here to work with." Actually, the fact is Iraq will require billions in investment just to return to prewar production levels of 2.5 million barrels per day and even then will bring in only a fraction of the money the United States has budgeted for rebuilding. But, even if oil doesn't foot the bill, Cheney predicted confidently that, at next month's conference in Madrid, "the international community will come together and pledge funds." He must not have read Friday's *Los Angeles Times*, which reported an aide to reconstruction czar L. Paul Bremer saying that the United States was unlikely to receive more than "gravy" from foreign countries.

Despite the fruitless search for weapons of mass destruction in Iraq, Cheney also said the administration's prewar claims of the Iraqi threat would be vindicated, asserting that two Iraqi mobile biological weapons trailers are "in our possession today," even though American intelligence analysts and experts consider the claim patently implausible because the trailers are not equipped to handle virulent biological agents. But the most egregious misrepresentation came when Cheney



Dick Cheney

averred that "we don't know" whether or not Saddam Hussein was involved in the September 11, 2001, attacks. In fact, we do know: He wasn't. The joint congressional inquiry into the attacks is, to date, the most authoritative account of the hijackers and their planning, and it does not remotely implicate Saddam. (However, classified sections of the inquiry do reportedly point a finger at the oil-rich Saudi royal family, which Cheney bluntly exonerated.) Cheney also called Saddam-Al Qaeda cooperation "clearly official [Iraqi] policy," when, in fact, the intelligence community possesses no evidence "clearly" demonstrating any such thing. No wonder almost 70 percent of Americans mistakenly believe Saddam was behind September 11, 2001. Cheney says the accusation that the Iraq intel was cooked bears "no resemblance to reality whatsoever," but, at this point, it's fair to ask the public to consider the source.

FAMILY MATTERS

DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN HAD A well-deserved reputation for prescience, but sometimes he paid a price for his foresight, most notably when, as an assistant secretary of labor in the Johnson administration in 1965, he wrote *The Negro Family: The Case for National Action*, in which he stated that children benefit from growing up in two-parent families and that the shortage of such families among African Americans posed a serious impediment to black advancement. Moynihan and his work were immediately attacked by black leaders and liberal academics, with Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. warning that the Moynihan Report, as it came to be known, would be "used to justify neglect and rationalize oppression." But, throughout the years, the rightness of the Moynihan report became apparent; and, when Moynihan died in March, his obituary in *The New York Times* noted that the Moynihan report "is now generally regarded as 'an important and prophetic document,' in the words of Prof. William Julius Wilson of Harvard."

Alas, someone forgot to tell the National Urban League, whose 2003 "State of Black America" report subjects Moynihan to the same harsh treatment he received nearly 40 years ago. The authors of one chapter charge that Moynihan's report "reflected the neo-liberal racism of his time." Another chapter approvingly notes that the Moynihan report was widely criticized in the past and that it "continues to be denounced today." Despite the fact that almost two out of three black children today grow up without two parents, the report blithely declares that all is well with the black family. "Contrary to popular opinion," states Urban League President Marc Morial, "African Americans do have a broad-based stable family structure." Adds Carolyn West, one of the authors of a chapter in the report, "It is

a mistake to equate family configuration with family functioning and well-being. ... [African Americans should] value our diverse family structure."

But, in fact, a wealth of studies shows that children who grow up with only one parent face a greater risk of poverty, criminality, and substance abuse. "The research evidence showing that [the number of parents] does matter is so unambiguous that, within the academic community, there's no debate about it," says Paul Offner, a former Moynihan staffer who now works as a social scientist at the Urban Institute. Maybe the Urban League should take a few refresher courses.

CLEAN HITS

Candidate: Dick Gephardt
Category: General Likeability
Grade: A



The media and voters can give candidates a lot of grief over negative attacks. And sometimes that's justified—for example, when the assaults are unfair or delivered only in hushed whispers by campaign operatives. You can level neither charge at Dick Gephardt, who in the last few days has let loose a flurry of attacks on front-runner Howard Dean. In addition to attacking Dean over his apparent switch of position on free trade, Gephardt has recently called into question Dean's commitment to Medicare, upon which the nation's elderly depend for their health insurance. To do so, he cited interviews Dean gave with newspapers and on TV shows—interviews in which Dean fairly unambiguously agreed with Newt Gingrich's call for reducing the rate of growth in Medicare and encouraging more seniors to enroll in managed care plans. Equally important, Gephardt did so openly, in the course of a speech he gave about health care policy. Some of the attacks went a little too far; on others, Dean has a reasonable defense. But, by and large, Gephardt raised completely legitimate issues. This is what the primary campaign is supposed to be like.

—Jonathan Cohn

RECALL THE 2000 ELECTION?

CONSERVATIVES EXPLODED IN OUTrage this week, after the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit decided to postpone the California recall in order to give six counties with sizable minority populations time to upgrade their voting equipment. "This is the stuff of a banana republic," declared one talk-radio host. "A left-wing conspiracy," opined another. "The court has stolen Californians' right to vote. It's partisan, bald-faced theft." A writer for *The Weekly Standard* shuddered at the "spectacle of jurists running elections." Funny thing about the ruling, though: It was built entirely on *Bush v. Gore*, the 2000 Supreme

Court decision that brought us, well, the spectacle of jurists running elections. That decision held that different methods of counting votes among counties violated the equal protection clause of the Constitution. The Ninth Circuit agreed, writing that the California recall case "presents almost precisely the same issue" and "mirrors the [claim] recently analyzed by the Supreme Court in *Bush v. Gore*." That conservatives would now decry the logic that handed Bush the presidency three years ago isn't entirely surprising. No one really believed they supported the Supreme Court decision for any reason other than its outcome. But it's nice to know for sure. ■



GRAHAM'S RETREAT

Candidate: Bob Graham
Category: Intellectual Honesty
Grade: D



Bob Graham has displayed a strange habit of hinting at the most incendiary charges without actually making them. Several weeks ago, for instance, Graham suggested that the misleading use of prewar intelligence on Iraq's weapons-of-mass-destruction programs might warrant George W. Bush's impeachment. But Graham never actually called for impeachment; he just let the thought float around as an amorphous notion with no real owner.

At last week's debate in Baltimore, Graham was at it again. When questioner Ed Gordon of BET asked him, "[I]n your heart, do you believe that the president intentionally misled the American people?" Graham delivered a firm "Yes!" But then he beat an incredibly lame retreat. "The president

knew, or should have known, for instance" that reports about Saddam Hussein's nuclear program were bogus and that there was no relationship between Saddam and September 11, 2001. If Graham can't rule out the possibility that Bush should have known—but did not actually know—that his intelligence was faulty, where does he get off making a flat declaration that, "Yes," Bush intentionally misled the public? Graham's best selling point is his reputation for integrity and judiciousness, one which is fast unraveling. —Michael Crowley

TOO QUIET

Candidate: John Edwards
Category: Political Courage
Grade: A



In a sad irony of presidential campaigning, it's becoming clear that John Edwards's newfound policy strength is also his biggest political weakness. Over the past few months, he has done more than just prove his policy acumen—he has shown that he works best in forums where he gets to focus on the issues. He has conducted 30 town-hall meetings in New Hampshire (and even more in Iowa and South Carolina), meetings in which audiences get an hour to ask him anything about everything from Federal Communications Commission deregulation to domestic oil-drilling

to weapons of mass destruction. He doesn't duck the tough ones, and he doesn't jump on easy ones. His answers are honest, informed, and straightforward. It's the sort of forum Bush wouldn't dream of attending, and it warms the cockles to think that we could elect a White House occupant who would.

And, yet, it's looking less likely that we will. Indeed, Edwards's perhaps excessive town-hall schedule—by the primaries he'll have done 100 in New Hampshire alone—is indicative of a larger problem: Edwards harbors the notion that, if he can just get enough people to listen to his ideas, he can win. He avoids the party infighting that is occupying so much of Joe Lieberman's, John Kerry's, and Dean's time. Unfortunately, it's that very infighting—and resultant media coverage—that often helps define who's on top. So, while Lieberman, Kerry, and Dean argue over just what Dean meant when he said the United States should not take sides between the Israelis and Palestinians, Edwards is quietly pushing smart policies to groups of 100 or 200 people in New Hampshire. Guess which story is more important. Now guess which one will help define the front-runner.

—Clay Risen

For primary items updated daily and complete candidate rankings, visit www.tnr.com/primary.

Campaign Journal

The New Hope

BY RYAN LIZZA

INDIANOLA, IOWA

HERE AT THE twenty-sixth annual Harkin Steak Fry, some 5,000 Iowans have gathered on a muddy ballooning field to watch Bill Clinton return to the presidential campaign trail. In the 2000 election, Clinton was famously relegated to the sidelines by Al Gore, who feared his boss's baggage would be a liability on the stump. But, this year, the Democratic candidates' biggest fear about sharing a stage with Clinton is not that he will sully them, it's that they will look unimpressive by comparison. Clinton himself seems aware of this stature gap. "I like this field," he says in a manner that suggests he thinks the crowd may be surprised by the statement. "I get tired of people saying this field can't beat the incumbent president," he adds—a comment that serves only to remind the crowd of the criticism. The only reason pundits are down on the current crop of candidates, Clinton says, is because "they are not famous yet."

He may be right. The candidate who arguably has the most buzz today not only isn't here, he's not even a candidate yet. Though Wesley Clark won't announce he's running for another four days, he's already a presence—at least if one judges from the lines at the "Draft Clark" booth. And, as will become clear as Clark's campaign team materializes over the next few days, the former general may be better positioned to inherit the Clinton mantle than any of the candidates vying for it here in Indianola.

John Kerry noisily enters the event with a large train of reporters, camera crews, and volunteers. But, as I trail along with him through the mud to the stage, his entourage melts away, and he moves relatively anonymously through the crowd. He is in minor danger of being mowed down by an oncoming mob of boisterous Bob Graham supporters shaking homemade noisemakers made from beer cans—money is tight in the Graham campaign—when his two staffers frantically steer him clear of the throng. Howard Dean suffers a worse indignity: After Clinton arrives for his speech, Dean approaches to greet him. But he is momentarily detained by a member of the ex-president's security detail, who places his body between Dean and Clinton as if the front-runner for the Democratic nomination were a dangerous stalker.

Dick Gephardt was so worried that sharing a stage with Clinton would inevitably produce an unflattering contrast that he initially refused to attend the event, relenting only after a personal plea from Senator Tom Harkin. Gephardt makes a quick appearance with supporters on the field but

skips an address to the crowd (scheduling conflict, of course). But, even if Gephardt thinks it's a little humbling to stand next to Clinton, he—like all the major candidates this year—fully embraces the legacy of the Clinton presidency. "Every candidate tries as hard as he can to use his name in the same sentence as Clinton," says Erik Smith, Gephardt's spokesman. With little notice during the last few months, the Clintonites seem to have won the argument over whether their man is an asset or a liability for Democrats. "Within the party, there was once a debate," says Smith. "There is no longer a debate."

Not only do all the candidates embrace (or at least claim to embrace) Clinton-style centrism; a specific return to the Clinton era is now at the core of every candidate's message. Instead of talking about raising taxes, Dean promises "to return to Bill Clinton's tax rates." When Gephardt talks about the economy, the centerpiece of his pitch is that, in 1993, he led the fight on the House floor to pass the Clinton fiscal plan. In an editorial penned a few days after the steak fry, Kerry accuses Dean and Gephardt of the ultimate betrayal—adopting policies that "turn their back on . . . the Clinton economic legacy." In the "Joe's Record" section of Joe Lieberman's campaign website, Clinton's name is invoked a dozen times. John Edwards, who has most self-consciously styled his message and policies on Clinton's, goes the furthest in defending the Clinton legacy in Indianola. "I am tired of Democrats walking away from Bill Clinton and Al Gore!" Edwards yells. They are all Clintonites now.

One reason the debate about Clinton is now over is that the former president and the Democratic candidates have suddenly found their interests aligned. One of the chief pursuits of Clinton and his corps of loyal ex-aides these days is defending the legacy and policies of his presidency from conservatives and the Bush administration. (The two essential texts in this effort are Hillary Clinton's and Sid Blumenthal's recent books. Bill publishes his memoir next year.) As the deficit explodes, the economy stalls, and Bush's approval ratings drop, the Clintonites suddenly see a bull market for the Clinton era. "Clinton has provided a baseline that Bush can be judged by in every category," says Blumenthal.

Clinton's Indianola speech makes this case, serving as a kind of State of the Union in reverse, his famous lists of accomplishments artfully morphed into a litany of Bush failures: The Bush administration is "going to take three hundred thousand poor children and kick them out of after-school." They "tried to kick eighty-four thousand kids off their student loans" and "one hundred thousand unemployed workers out of their job-training program." Bush wanted to "to take eighty-eight thousand uniformed police off the street" and he cut AmeriCorps by 40 percent, according to the numbers Clinton effortlessly weaves into his remarks. (One gets the sense that the former president reads the annual Bush budget with great care, especially the line items concerning signature Clinton projects.) Clinton also works in a plug for welfare reform and reminds the audience that his policies produced "record numbers of new

INTERNATIONAL COOPERATION

Many of the world's nations have long relied on internal agencies and controls to guard against terrorist infiltration and to thwart potential attacks. Now, however, governments around the world are being asked to acknowledge their responsibility to the global community by sharing information and intelligence on would-be threats.

International cooperation is essential to successfully defeat terrorism. Saudi Arabia supported many international efforts through multilateral and bilateral agreements long before the war on terrorism reached American soil. In 1996, for example, Saudi Arabia established a joint Counter-Terrorism Committee with the United States. This task force, comprised of intelligence and law enforcement personnel, was formed to share information on Al-Qaeda.

Since September 11, our two nations have stepped up cooperation by meeting regularly to exchange information and resources, as well as develop action plans to root out terrorist networks. We clearly recognize the need to publicly report our progress as we assess the effectiveness of our initiatives:

- In August 2003, a new U.S.-Saudi task force was formed to concentrate on terror financing.
- In May 2003, a U.S.-Saudi task force was organized from across law enforcement and intelligence agencies to share "real time" intelligence. This enables us to work side by side in joint operations to combat imminent threats.

- Also in May 2003, Saudi authorities worked closely with U.S. and British law enforcement agents who came to the Kingdom to assist in the investigation of the Riyadh attacks.

- Saudi Arabia has provided extensive intelligence and military cooperation in the assault on Al-Qaeda. Public disclosures to date have revealed major Saudi contributions to the breakup of a number of Al-Qaeda cells, the arrests of key Al-Qaeda commanders, and the capture of numerous Al-Qaeda members.

- Saudi Arabia is actively engaging other countries to locate and extradite Al-Qaeda operatives who may be hiding in those countries.

We remain committed to working closely with the United States and other allies in the world community to ensure that information is effectively shared between all nations dedicated to ending the scourge of terrorism.

"The target of the Al-Qaeda terrorists is Saudi Arabia and the United States and the 70-year relationship that has benefited both our peoples; and at a time when we are working together to bring peace and stability to the people of the Middle East, their aim is to destroy our alliance through violence. But they will not succeed."



Prince Bandar bin Sultan, Ambassador of Saudi Arabia to the United States
May 13, 2003

"The Saudis are providing increasingly important support to our counter-terrorism efforts – from arrests to sharing debriefing results."



George Tenet, CIA Director
February 11, 2003



THE PEOPLE OF SAUDI ARABIA
Allies Against Terrorism

www.saudiembassy.net

businesses," "record numbers of millionaires and billionaires," and "took one hundred times as many people out of poverty as were taken out in the Reagan-Bush years."

Clinton's voice is being heard far beyond Indianola. This week, Tom Daschle and other Senate Democrats are scheduled to hold an event on Bush budget policies that will highlight the "top ten budget cuts," a list that includes almost every cut mentioned by Clinton in Indianola. Coincidence? No. The event was Clinton's idea, and he personally suggested the cuts to highlight.

ULTIMATELY, NEXT YEAR'S race will be one more referendum on Clinton, with the Democratic nominee arguing for a return to the policies of the Clinton era and Republicans claiming that all our economic and national security troubles are Clinton's fault in the first place—that he created a bubble economy and ignored the terrorist threat. Several of the senior Clinton advisers I interviewed believe they've already won this debate when it comes to the economy and domestic policy. "On domestic policy, it's not even a close call," argues one person close to the former president. "But people are now looking back on his foreign policy more fondly."

This is where Wesley Clark comes in. Clark has emerged as the candidate of the Clintonites. Whereas once that mantle looked as though it might go to Edwards, the North Carolina senator is presently stuck in neutral. Edwards's gamble that the Iraq war would go well and the election would turn sharply back to the economy now seems unlikely to pay off. Having strongly supported Bush on the war and lacking significant foreign policy experience, Edwards is now poorly positioned to take advantage of Bush's sudden vulnerability on foreign affairs.

So it was somehow fitting that Clark's announcement this week eclipsed the coverage of Edwards's official campaign kickoff. On paper, Clark is an almost laboratory-perfect candidate to run a campaign that will compare the Clinton years with the Bush years. On domestic policy, he is a blank slate that can easily be filled in—much as Edwards was—with elements of Clintonomics and the Third Way. More important, talking to some of Clinton's advisers, one gets the sense that they see Clark as the perfect man to redeem Clinton's foreign policy legacy. He wasn't just "Clinton's general," as some in the Pentagon dismissively referred to him; he was Clinton's general in what the Clintonites consider their defining foreign policy achievement: the Kosovo war. That war emphasized what ex-Clinton aides argue were the three pillars of his foreign policy: the judicious use of force, multilateralism, and an emphasis on human rights. Today, former senior aides to Clinton talk a lot about the fraying Western alliance and Bush's bumbling personal diplomacy and unilateralism. They argue that it will take a military man to make the argument that the military is not America's only foreign policy tool. And they seem to view Clark as someone who doesn't just neutralize Bush's national security strengths but who neutralizes Clin-

ton's cultural and characterological weaknesses. He's an Arkansas Rhodes scholar who not only fought in Vietnam but had part of his hand blown off there.

Little wonder, then, that Clark's kitchen cabinet reads like the guest list from Renaissance Weekend: Bruce Lindsey, Skip Rutherford, Don Fowler, Mickey Kantor, Eli Segal, Ron Klain, Peter Knight, and Mark Fabiani are all veterans of the Clinton years. (The presence of Lindsey, who is at the heart of every conspiracy theory about Clinton and is one of the former president's best friends, will give an immediate jolt of energy to the Clinton-hating right.) Representative Charles Rangel of New York, an important black leader who is close to the Clintons, gave Clark an enthusiastic endorsement this week, and Rahm Emanuel, the senior Clinton-aide-turned-congressman, is also now on board. *The New York Times* recently reported that Clinton told friends at a party that there were only "two stars" among Democrats: Hillary and Clark. Says one top Washington Democrat, "There is a clear sense from the Clinton camp that they are winking and nodding for Clark."

When I briefly talk to Clinton after his Indianola speech, he is coy, suggesting his one-day dip into presidential politics was just that. "This is a really unusual thing for me to be doing this," he tells me. Asked whether it is too late for Clark to get into the race, he initially feigns ignorance of the kind of political details for which he has a famously encyclopedic memory. "I don't really know as much as I used to even about the filing deadlines," he demurs. But, pressed on whether Clark has missed the boat, he finally offers a firm "no." "I think this thing is still coming together," he says.

A few minutes later, having shaken hands and signed autographs for an hour, he gets into an SUV and is driven off across the field. He sticks his head halfway out the window and waves goodbye to a mass of cheering Iowans.

He'll be back. ■

Trade negotiators gone wild. Spring Broke

BY JEFFREY D. SACHS

FOR YEARS, THE United States has told West African nations—struggling to survive against disease, famine, desertification, and debt crises—that their pleas for foreign assistance are misplaced. All they really need is "trade, not aid." The International Monetary Fund and the World Bank, at the behest of American policymakers, have in effect advised Burkina Faso not to worry so much that two of every ten children there die before the age of five. After all, policymakers said,

if Burkina Faso just followed the hallowed free-market path, it would find prosperity. On its face, the advice was cruel and misplaced, as it left millions of Africans to die needlessly in recent years.

But the cruelty is even worse than that. Farmers in West Africa who literally staked their lives on trade—buying fertilizers and farm implements to compete on world markets—now find that they actually have neither trade nor aid. In a farce worthy of Monty Python, America's trade negotiators in Cancun last week walked away from a global trade deal that might have given Third World farmers a free market for their exports. The reason: The Bush administration wanted to protect roughly 25,000 cotton growers in the South, whose main harvest is billions of dollars in government subsidies. This harvest is a big boy's business, with the overwhelming proportion of benefits received by farms larger than 100 acres; truly poor American cotton farmers could be helped at a fraction of the cost. Yet, just as George W. Bush opposed action on climate change to avoid upsetting coal miners in the swing state of West Virginia, he has also decided he can't alienate Big Agriculture—major campaign contributors—in the Southern states that he will need to carry in 2004. Instead, he'll force American consumers to pay higher prices and condemn more Africans to poverty—or worse.

IN THE RUN-UP to Cancun, the world's poorest countries argued, correctly, that the trading system was rigged against them by protectionism and subsidies on the few goods they can profitably produce. In manufacturing, these goods include textiles and garments, where a handful of high-cost producers in the Carolinas successfully keep U.S. markets closed to low-cost producers in poor countries.

In agriculture, the barriers are in cotton and sugar, where America's production costs are higher than the production costs of tropical locations fit for these crops. In recent years, as production in West Africa and other low-cost producers rose, and world prices for cotton fell, America's handful of cotton producers sought and obtained increased subsidies and market protection. Indeed, this year's subsidies of nearly \$4 billion for cotton are so high that the United States has actually significantly expanded its exports in world markets, despite sharply increased supplies from low-cost producers. World prices of cotton have plummeted as America's subsidized exports have flooded the market. For Africans, the result is a loss of roughly \$300 million per year in income—a literally life-and-death difference for large numbers of impoverished households teetering on the brink of survival. And, because American cotton-growers receive several thousand dollars per farm via direct subsidies and market protection, American consumers unwittingly pay higher

taxes to retain this rigged system.

The situation was so unbalanced that the 2001 trade negotiations launched in Doha, Qatar, were dubbed the Doha Development Round, a recognition that it was clearly the turn of the poorest countries to reap more benefits of the international trading system. Then, in May, Mali, Chad, Burkina Faso, and Benin called for a phasing out the protectionism holding them in their poverty trap, pitting the ten million impoverished farmers in these nations—and the American consumers who would buy their high-quality and inexpensive cotton—against the few thousand well-heeled and well-organized American cotton growers. The Africans noted that the \$3.7 billion in subsidies American cotton producers are expected to receive in 2003 is greater than the national income of each of their countries. They hoped to make headway on this massive disparity at last week's Cancun meeting, which brought together the world's trade ministers to advance the talks begun in Doha.

Instead, U.S. special interests won the day, and U.S. Trade Representative Robert Zoellick played the heavy. Deflecting the call for an end to protectionism, he said that, rather than selling cotton, impoverished farmers in the developing world should consider selling cotton shirts instead. Marie Antoinette's response to hungry French peasants, "Let them eat cake," cost Marie her head. Zoellick's equivalent, "Let them make shirts," brought him the fulsome praise of America's cotton lobby: National Cotton Council Chairman Robert Greene noted, "Robert Zoellick provided extraordinary leadership to the U.S. negotiating team."

When the impoverished countries refused to fold their hands at Cancun, negotiations were suspended, perhaps until after America's 2004 elections. Cheers and hoots went up throughout the anti-globalization crowd demonstrating outside the negotiating site. They took pleasure in the fact that the rich countries did not succeed in pushing another unfair deal down the throats of the poor. But, of course, Cancun was no victory at all for the poor: Their only satisfaction is that, as they continue to suffer and die, it won't be with their formal consent.

The farce of U.S. trade politics likely will not be debated in the upcoming election. No "Union of American Cotton Consumers" will rally in favor of free-market candidates. The truth is that the political pandering exhibited by President Bush and Karl Rove is not met with scorn by most Democrats but with envy. Candidates in both parties will pander to special interests in the election, even if the Democrats lack the smarmy self-righteousness of the White House. In fact, many leading contenders for the Democratic presidential nomination have already staked out protectionist positions. So the White House and the Democrats provide part of an answer to the question: Why do they hate us abroad? Because this rich and powerful country has stopped addressing the concerns and needs of the rest of the world—even in the case of the world's poorest people. ■

Jeffrey D. Sachs is director of the Earth Institute and Quetelet professor of sustainable development at Columbia University.

Jerusalem Dispatch City of God

BY YOSSI KLEIN HALEVI

ASK MAYOR Uri Lupolianski about the consequences for the ultra-Orthodox community of the bus bombing that killed 23 of its people and wounded dozens more several weeks ago, and he'll tell you how difficult it is to treat the wounded from all the terrorist attacks and how impressed he is by the determination of all the city's residents. What he doesn't tell you is how he, as Jerusalem's first ultra-Orthodox—or *haredi*—mayor, coped with the worst tragedy ever to hit Israel's *haredi* community. Lupolianski's point is that he's the mayor of everyone, not just the *haredim*. Don't look at my black suit, graying thick beard, and black yarmulke, he insists; judge me as an individual. "I have to struggle against stereotypes," he says. "I'm amazed at how supposed liberals will say, 'Oy, a *haredi* mayor!' Pluralism means judging each person by his record. Of what relevance is someone's personal lifestyle to his public service?"

Lupolianski, who smiles constantly as if to demonstrate *haredi* harmlessness, won the municipal election last June by reassuring non-*haredim* that he would apply just this kind of tolerant approach to the city. Even critics concede that he has, in his private life, demonstrated a commitment to co-existence. He is founder of Yad Sarah, a charity that annually distributes free medical equipment to more than a quarter million Israelis and Palestinians. And, in an increasingly sleazy political system, he conveys integrity. A father of twelve, he lives in a cramped apartment in a modest *haredi* neighborhood. Recently, when he accompanied New York Mayor Michael Bloomberg to Hadassah University Hospital to visit children wounded in the bus attack, he stood to the side as photographers recorded Bloomberg's interaction with patients; only when journalists left did Lupolianski approach the children and hand out gifts.

Still, the problem with judging Lupolianski as an individual rather than as a *haredi* is that, by definition, being *haredi* means sacrificing individuality for the community. And, even if Lupolianski does represent a new breed of *haredi* politician, who sees himself as responsible not just for ultra-Orthodox interests, it's doubtful whether the *haredi* community will allow him to get away with it.

Lupolianski took office at a time of unprecedented crisis for Israel's *haredim*—and for Jerusalem. Nationally, the rise of the anti-*haredi* Shinui Party, the exclusion of *haredi* parties from Ariel Sharon's coalition government, and imminent cutbacks in child allowances for large families threaten *haredi* males' ability to study Torah full-time rather than

work at normal jobs. In fact, the cutbacks could force the community to end its dependence on government hand-outs. Voluntary poverty may soon be replaced by involuntary destitution.

Many of those poor live in Jerusalem, the heart of Israel's *haredi* community. One-third of the capital's 700,000 residents are Palestinians, and nearly 40 percent of the Jewish population is *haredi*. Together, those two sectors make this Israel's second-poorest city, with nearly half the residents living below the poverty line. The city the rabbis said received nine of the world's ten measures of beauty is today filthy. The security situation has forced leading restaurants to relocate to Tel Aviv or close altogether. Secular flight, especially among educated young people, has become routine. Already, a majority of the city's under-18 Jewish population is *haredi*.

To counter the poverty and reduced government subsidies, some *haredim* are suggesting that the ultra-Orthodox move slightly closer to the mainstream, including taking regular jobs. "To preserve our traditional culture, we need minimal prosperity," says Dudi Zilbershlag, who publishes a *haredi* weekly newspaper. "Once *haredim* enter the workplace, they'll be more connected with other Israelis." A key proponent of such controlled integration is Zaka, the *haredi* organization that helps evacuate the wounded from terrorist attacks and collects body parts for dignified burials. The 900 Zaka volunteers, who are under the command of the army's home front, could be preparing the way for others to enter some form of military service, a prerequisite for absorption into Israeli society. Zaka head Yehuda Meshi-Zahav, who once organized anti-Zionist demonstrations for an extreme *haredi* faction, last year became the first *haredi* to participate in the Independence Day ceremony on Mount Herzl, lighting a torch and affirming "the honor of the state of Israel."

And some secular Israelis have recently shown a willingness to embrace the ultra-Orthodox. After August's terrorist attack on a bus filled with *haredim* returning from prayers at the Western Wall, secular Israelis were deeply moved by the *haredi* response to grief. One *haredi* woman who'd lost her three-year-old granddaughter on the bus told a reporter that what mattered now was "how do we reach out to people, how do we connect more closely with God?" In response, novelist Yoram Kaniuk wrote in *Ha'aretz*, "When I saw how they stood and prayed over their own blood, with terrible grief and restrained horror, begging God to forgive them, I could only be envious that my forefathers were like them." It is hard to recall a prominent secular Israeli relating so warmly to *haredi* piety.

Lupolianski knows that, to bolster Jerusalem's economy and build upon this initial rapprochement between secular Israelis and *haredim*, he must keep Jerusalem a mixed city. A more heavily *haredi* capital would dissuade investors and accelerate secular flight, undermining the city's fragile tax base. And it would further distance the country's secularists, whose relationship with Jerusalem is uncertain anyway:

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Fully half of the army's most recent recruits have never visited the Western Wall. So, since taking office, Lupolianski has been eager to exhibit a live-and-let-live attitude. Resisting *haredi* pressure, the mayor didn't contest Jerusalem's recent gay pride parade. And he has worked behind the scenes with leading rabbis to stop *haredi* rioting against Sabbath traffic on Bar-Ilan Street, long Jerusalem's most contentious secular-*haredi* flash point.

BUT, DESPITE THESE symbolic victories, Lupolianski is too cautious and indebted to challenge his own community on larger political issues. The mayor owes his political career to his elderly mentor, Rabbi Yosef Shalom Elyashiv, who dispatched Lupolianski into politics. Elyashiv, the *haredi* world's leading expert on Jewish law, is a religious hard-liner whose pressure on city hall last year prevented the Reform movement from establishing a high school in Jerusalem.

Elyashiv and other *haredi* leaders have exerted significant influence over the mayor. Until Elyashiv's recent illness, Lupolianski consulted with him so often that Jerusalem's local secular press referred to the rabbi as the real mayor. So far, Lupolianski has included only one secularist in his *haredi*-led city coalition, though the left-wing Meretz Party may soon be joining. In the city council chambers, the large, round table is dominated by a solid phalanx of men in black; the only women are in the opposition. Critics fear that Lupolianski will not be able to resist *haredi* pressure to divert municipal funds to *haredi* institutions hit by cutbacks in government subsidies. "You feel like you're paying taxes for the *haredim*," says Shahar Ilan, author of *Haredim Ltd.*, which examines how the state subsidizes ultra-Orthodox separatism. Adds Amotz Asa-El, executive editor of the *Jerusalem Post*, "The mayor of Jerusalem needs to be a cultural innovator. Lupolianski won't create secular cultural institutions. Whatever he will create will cater to the *haredi* community." Indeed, the mayor has refused to meet with an emergency committee that's trying to save the city's secular cultural institutions, which are facing bankruptcy because of government cutbacks. Committee members recently disrupted a session of the city council, singing and jeering and holding signs that quoted a children's Hanukkah song, WE'VE COME TO BANISH THE DARKNESS. "This is culture?" taunted Lupolianski, banging his gavel. In a rare but revealing display of contempt, he sarcastically referred to the demonstrators as "cultureniks." The *haredi* council members watched, amused, as ushers expelled the cultureniks from the hall.

Ironically, *haredi* separatists have actually grown more radical since the bus bombing. In their post-attack soul-searching, many *haredim* have become convinced that God punished the community for its spiritual flaws and that the answer is to become more divorced from secular society. One poster I saw recently in an ultra-Orthodox neighborhood blamed the bus attack on women who wear immodest clothing, such as "colorful bathing suits." Rabbi Elyashiv's

newspaper denounced *haredi* families who sit together in mixed seating in hotel dining rooms; a rabbi from the Sephardic Shas Party warned that women who wear short skirts would be punished with cancer.

Nowhere is the mayor's dilemma more evident than on Bar-Ilan Street. On a recent Saturday afternoon, only a few dozen *haredi* protesters, many of them children, were gathered behind a row of border police, shouting, "*Shabbos!*" at cars driving past—a violation of the holy day of rest. No one threw rocks, and most *haredi* passers-by averted their gazes, unwilling to encourage the troublemakers. Lupolianski's efforts to calm tensions here were clearly working. Yet the mayor's efforts had pleased no one. "I wonder what Lupolianski had to give them to get them to stop rioting," one secular Israeli watching the scene said to me. And some ultra-Orthodox think even the cosmetic changes Lupolianski has made go too far. On a nearby wall, someone had written, "Lupolianski, Secularist with a Yarmulke." ■

Of course McCain-Feingold is constitutional.

Magic Words

BY JEFFREY ROSEN

LAST WEEK AT the Supreme Court, after a four-hour marathon of oral arguments about the McCain-Feingold campaign finance law, only one thing was clear: Unless the Court wants to reconsider three decades of its own precedents, it should uphold most of the campaign finance reform bill without complaint. The bill's congressional opponents, supported by Justices Antonin Scalia, Clarence Thomas, and Anthony Kennedy, want the Court to rethink campaign finance law from the ground up. This is an odd invitation from the self-styled defenders of judicial restraint, and the Court should resist it.

For nearly 30 years, the Court has told Congress how to regulate campaign finance in mind-numbing detail. To change those instructions now would be perverse, to say the least, since the complexity of McCain-Feingold—officially known as the Bipartisan Campaign Reform Act of 2002, or BCRA—is a response to the Supreme Court's own demands. The morass of current campaign finance regulations results from the Court's landmark 1976 decision in *Buckley v. Valeo*, which held that Congress could regulate contributions by donors far more extensively than expenditures by candidates. The Court suggested that contributions posed a greater threat of corruption (because big donors would expect access in return for their generosity) and were less

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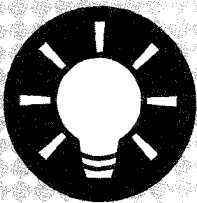


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central to free speech (because a big donor might support a candidate no more enthusiastically than a small one).

But, whatever its constitutional merits, the distinction between contributions and expenditures quickly became meaningless in practice. Two years after *Buckley*, the Federal Election Commission (FEC) endorsed a legal loophole that allowed parties to spend an unlimited amount of "soft money"—that is, unregulated donations from individuals, corporations, and unions exceeding the federal contribution limits. Soft money was originally supposed to be spent on party-building and other activities independent of specific federal campaigns. But, in 1996, the national parties, corporations, and unions began to use soft money to fund campaign ads masquerading as "issue ads"—that is, ads that praised or attacked federal candidates without "expressly advocating" their election or defeat, as prohibited by *Buckley*. The national parties also transferred increasing amounts of soft money to the state parties to fund similar ads. By 2000, representatives and senators complained that they were forced to spend most of their time chasing after large gifts from corporate and union donors who gave to both parties with the clear expectation of getting access in return. National soft money spending by the parties skyrocketed from \$19 million in 1980 to \$80 million in 1992 to \$498 million in 2000, by which point it represented nearly half of the parties' total expenditures.

BCRA was designed to plug the soft money loophole and make campaign finance regulations as effective as they were designed to be in the '70s. The first part of the bill prohibits national parties from receiving and spending soft money in most circumstances, and it imposes similar restrictions on state parties that use soft money to influence federal elections. The second part prohibits corporations and unions from directly funding sham issue ads in the weeks before a federal election. If you haven't had the pleasure of reading the Supreme Court's campaign finance decisions, you might assume this latter part would be the most constitutionally vulnerable: It seems, after all, like a direct restriction on free speech. But, in fact, the Court has upheld similar restrictions since 1907, when it allowed Congress to prohibit all corporations from contributing general treasury funds to federal elections. In *Buckley*, the Court defined all campaign expenditures as including "funds used for communications that expressly advocate the election or defeat of a clearly identified candidate." As examples of this "express advocacy," the Court pointed to magic words, such as "vote for" or "vote against." But, in the three decades since *Buckley*, the distinction between issue ads and campaign ads collapsed, as ads increasingly praised or attacked candidates without actually using the magic words. (A typically subtle example is from the 1996 Montana congressional race: "Who is Bill Yellowtail? He preaches family values but took a swing at his wife. ... Call Bill Yellowtail. Tell him to support family values.")

To regulate these ads, Congress, in BCRA, came up with a new, purportedly objective definition of "electioneering

communications": broadcast ads that mention a candidate, are geographically targeted at the candidate's electorate, and run 60 days before a federal general election or 30 days before a primary. If corporations or unions want to fund these ads, they have to do so by creating separate political action committees (PACs), which can only accept contributions up to \$5,000 from individual members who want their money to be spent for partisan purposes.

BCRA, in other words, is Congress's earnest attempt to follow the Supreme Court's Byzantine instructions about how to regulate campaign contributions and expenditures without violating the Constitution. The Supreme Court never said in *Buckley* that the First Amendment requires Congress to define "express advocacy" so narrowly that it is limited to ads that explicitly say, "Vote for me." Instead, it said that the First Amendment required a definition clear enough that it didn't restrict corporations and unions from engaging purely in issue advocacy rather than political electioneering, and that is precisely what BCRA tries to provide.

The corporations that object most vigorously to the new restrictions are nonprofit advocacy groups, such as the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) and the National Rifle Association (NRA), which accept corporate contributions and are therefore also covered by BCRA. They argue that Congress's new definition might restrict some ads that are designed as true issue advocacy. For example, the ACLU notes that one of its ads told viewers to "call Dennis Hastert," the speaker of the House of Representatives, and "tell him to support" a federal anti-discrimination law. But a lower-court judge found that this ad, the only one of its kind in the ACLU's history, had been manufactured specifically so that the ACLU could be a plaintiff in the campaign finance litigation and that very few genuine issue ads would be covered by Congress's definition. Besides, the ACLU remains free to set up a separate PAC to fund issue ads that mention political candidates—as Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg noted, the ACLU could even call its PAC the "non-political, issue-oriented PAC"—but the PAC could only accept limited donations from ACLU members, rather than from the public at large. The question of how much free expression this restricts in practice might be resolved in a future case.

A more basic question is why the ACLU (or the NRA or any nonprofit advocacy group) should be treated like unions and profit-making corporations in the first place. Why shouldn't they be able to spend as much money on ads as they please? This restriction appears in an amendment to the campaign finance law proposed by the late Senator Paul Wellstone, which provides that nonprofit, ideological corporations that accept corporate donations should be subject to the same disclosure requirements and spending restrictions as for-profit corporations. Since the dangers of influence-peddling and corruption are less obvious when large donations are funneled through advocacy groups whose purpose is to argue for ideological positions, the Wellstone amendment seems to intrude more deeply on the First Amendment than, say, restrictions on Microsoft or General Motors. At

least in theory, the ACLU and the NRA are set up to defend civil-libertarian principles rather than partisan interests, and, when they support or oppose the positions of elected officials, they're less likely than for-profit corporations to want access in return. Nevertheless, the Supreme Court held only last June, in the seven-two *Beaumont v. FEC* decision, that the long-standing ban on direct corporate contributions to candidates could also restrict contributions by nonprofits, in order to prevent groups like the NRA from becoming conduits for unlimited corporate donations. Without the ban, the Court worried, nonprofit advocacy groups might feel pressure to transform themselves into corporate fronts. This concern may not materialize—and the First Amendment arguably should allow advocacy groups to look after their own interests without being protected by the Court. But, as long as the Court insists on treating them the same as other corporations, the Wellstone amendment can't be viewed as a radical extension of existing law.

DURING THE SUPREME COURT argument, Chief Justice William Rehnquist, who joined the *Beaumont* decision and has voted repeatedly to uphold campaign finance restrictions, seemed most troubled by the sweeping restrictions on soft money. BCRA prohibits the national political parties from receiving or spending any soft money, and it also restricts state political parties from receiving or spending soft money for any elec-

tion in which a federal candidate appears on the ballot. The complete ban on the national parties' use of soft money seems draconian, since it affects even general party-building and get-out-the-vote activities that aren't targeted at particular elections. But, as Justice Stephen Breyer noted in the oral argument, Congress concluded, based on its own experience, that every large contribution to the Democratic National Committee or the Republican National Committee has the potential to corrupt, because large donors aren't concerned about how money is ultimately spent; instead, they expect access in return for having contributed in the first place. This is a very expansive definition of corruption—far removed from Justice Scalia's demand for evidence of a quid pro quo—but it's a definition that the Court has repeatedly endorsed in cases from *Buckley* to *Beaumont*.

As for the restrictions on the state parties' use of soft money, it's possible to imagine a state election where an unopposed federal candidate appears on the ballot and the state party wants to donate soft money for entirely state-related issues—such as ads supporting Proposition 209, the anti-affirmative-action amendment in California. If such a case arose, then the state parties could challenge the soft money restrictions for exceeding Congress's power to regulate federal elections. But Congress concluded, again based on extensive experience, that the national parties were using the state parties to do nothing more than launder money for federal purposes, and the Court is in a poor position

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to second-guess Congress's judgment on this quintessentially practical question.

Although BCRA should be upheld as a constitutional matter, it's hard to be enthusiastic about the policy it represents. If the Court upholds most of Congress's efforts to plug the loopholes that have undermined campaign finance regulations in the past, new loopholes will certainly proliferate in the future. Advocacy groups that accept no corporate funds, such as George Soros's Open Society Institute, may arise as shadow alternatives to the political parties, conduits for vast amounts of unregulated soft money that can then be channeled back into "independent expenditures" on behalf of particular candidates. This outcome is hardly ideal, but it's impossible to regulate the supply of money without also regulating the demand. And regulating the demand for soft money—for example, by limiting how much TV stations could charge for campaign ads—would raise even more

First Amendment questions than BCRA itself.

The judicial alternatives to upholding BCRA across the board, however, are even more troubling. If, for example, Justice Sandra Day O'Connor decides to write a divided opinion, striking down parts of BCRA while upholding others, the loopholes will proliferate even more quickly, condemning the law to ineffectiveness from the moment it takes effect. And, if the Court strikes down most of BCRA in the name of the First Amendment, as Justices Kennedy, Thomas, and Scalia urge, then Congress can legitimately complain that the Court has abandoned three decades of its own precedents at the very moment Congress and the FEC relied on them as an authoritative guide to the Constitution. If there's a clearer definition of judicial activism than an opinion that refuses to defer to Congress, the executive, and 30 years of Supreme Court precedents, I can't think of it. ■

The case for Bush hatred. Mad About You

BY JONATHAN CHAIT

IHATE PRESIDENT George W. Bush. There, I said it. I think his policies rank him among the worst presidents in U.S. history. And, while I'm tempted to leave it at that, the truth is that I hate him for less substantive reasons, too. I hate the inequitable way he has come to his economic and political achievements and his utter lack of humility (disguised behind transparently false modesty) at having done so. His favorite answer to the question of nepotism—"I inherited half my father's friends and all his enemies"—conveys the laughable implication that his birth bestowed more disadvantage than advantage. He reminds me of a certain type I knew in high school—the kid who was given a fancy sports car for his sixteenth birthday and believed that he had somehow earned it. I hate the way he walks—shoulders flexed, elbows splayed out from his sides like a teenage boy feigning machismo. I hate the way he talks—blustery self-assurance masked by a pseudo-populist twang. I even hate the things that everybody seems to like about him. I hate his lame nickname-bestowing—a way to establish one's social superiority beneath a veneer of chumminess (does anybody give their boss a nickname without his consent?). And, while most people who meet Bush claim to like him, I suspect that, if I got to know him personally, I would hate him even more.

There seem to be quite a few of us Bush haters. I have friends who have a viscerally hostile reaction to the sound of his voice or describe his existence as a constant oppressive force in their daily psyche. Nor is this phenomenon limited

to my personal experience: Pollster Geoff Garin, speaking to *The New York Times*, called Bush hatred "as strong as anything I've experienced in 25 years now of polling." Columnist Robert Novak described it as a "hatred ... that I have never seen in 44 years of campaign watching."

Yet, for all its pervasiveness, Bush hatred is described almost exclusively as a sort of incomprehensible mental affliction. James Traub, writing last June in *The New York Times Magazine*, dismissed the "hysteria" of Bush haters. Conservatives have taken a special interest in the subject. "Democrats are seized with a loathing for President Bush—a contempt and disdain giving way to a hatred that is near pathological—unlike any since they had Richard Nixon to kick around," writes Charles Krauthammer in *Time* magazine. "The puzzle is where this depth of feeling comes from." Even writers like David Brooks and Christopher Caldwell of *The Weekly Standard*—the sorts of conservatives who have plenty of liberal friends—seem to regard it from the standpoint of total incomprehension. "Democrats have been driven into a frenzy of illogic by their dislike of George W. Bush," explains Caldwell. "It's mystifying," writes Brooks, noting that Democrats have grown "so caught up in their own victimization that they behave in ways that are patently not in their self-interest, and that are almost guaranteed to perpetuate their suffering."

Have Bush haters lost their minds? Certainly some have. Antipathy to Bush has, for example, led many liberals not only to believe the costs of the Iraq war outweigh the benefits but to refuse to acknowledge any benefits at all, even

freeing the Iraqis from Saddam Hussein's reign of terror. And it has caused them to look for the presidential nominee who can best stoke their own anger, not the one who can win over a majority of voters—who, they forget, still like Bush. But, although Bush hatred can result in irrationality, it's not the *product* of irrationality. Indeed, for those not ideologically or personally committed to Bush's success, hatred for Bush is a logical response to the events of the last few years. It is not the slightest bit mystifying that liberals despise Bush. It would be mystifying if we did not.

One reason Bush hatred is seen as inherently irrational is that its immediate precursor, hatred of Bill Clinton, really did have a paranoid tinge. Conservatives, in retrospect, now concede that some of the Clinton haters were a little bit nutty. But they usually do so only in the context of declaring that Bush hatred is as bad or worse. "Back then, [there were] disapproving articles—not to mention armchair psychoanalysis—about Clinton-hating," complains Byron York in a *National Review* story this month. "Today, there appears to be less concern." Adds Brooks, "Now it is true that you can find conservatives and Republicans who went berserk during the Clinton years, accusing the Clintons of multiple murders and obsessing how Vince Foster's body may or may not have been moved. ... But the Democratic mood is more pervasive, and potentially more self-destructive."

It's certainly true that there is a left-wing fringe of Bush haters whose lurid conspiracy-mongering neatly parallels that of the Clinton haters. York cites various left-wing websites that compare Bush to Hitler and accuse him of murder. The trouble with this parallel is, first, that this sort of Bush-hating is entirely confined to the political fringe. The most mainstream anti-Bush conspiracy theorist cited in York's piece is Alexander Cockburn, the ultra-left, rabidly anti-Clinton newsletter editor. Mainstream Democrats have avoided delving into Bush's economic ties with the bin Laden family or suggesting that Bush invaded Iraq primarily to benefit Halliburton. The Clinton haters, on the other hand, drew from the highest ranks of the Republican Party and the conservative intelligentsia. Bush's solicitor general, Theodore Olson, was involved with *The American Spectator's* "Arkansas Project," which used every conceivable method—including paying sources—to dig up dirt from Clinton's past. Mainstream conservative pundits, such as William Safire and Rush Limbaugh, asserted that Vince Foster had been murdered, and GOP Government Reform Committee Chairman Dan Burton attempted to demonstrate this theory forensically by firing a shot into a dummy head in his backyard.

A second, more crucial difference is that Bush is a far more radical president than Clinton was. From a purely ideological standpoint, then, liberal hatred of Bush makes more sense than conservatives' Clinton fixation. Clinton offended liberals time and again, embracing welfare reform, tax cuts, and free trade, and nominating judicial moderates. When budget surpluses first appeared, he stunned the left by reducing the national debt rather than pushing for more spending. Bush, on the other hand, has developed

into a truly radical president. Like Ronald Reagan, Bush crusaded for an enormous supply-side tax cut that was anathema to liberals. But, where Reagan followed his cuts with subsequent measures to reduce revenue loss and restore some progressivity to the tax code, Bush proceeded to execute two *additional* regressive tax cuts. Combined with his stated desire to eliminate virtually all taxes on capital income and to privatize Medicare and Social Security, it's not much of an exaggeration to say that Bush would like to roll back the federal government to something resembling its pre-New Deal state.

And, while there has been no shortage of liberal hysteria over Bush's foreign policy, it's not hard to see why it scares so many people. I was (and remain) a supporter of the war in Iraq. But the way Bush sold it—by playing upon the public's erroneous belief that Saddam had some role in the September 11 attacks—harkened back to the deceit that preceded the Spanish-American War. Bush's doctrine of preemption, which reserved the right to invade just about any nation we desired, was far broader than anything he needed to validate invading a country that had flouted its truce agreements for more than a decade. While liberals may be overreacting to Bush's foreign policy decisions—remember their fear of an imminent invasion of Syria?—the president's shifting and dishonest rationales and tendency to paint anyone who disagrees with him as unpatriotic offer plenty of grounds for suspicion.

IT WAS NOT always this way. During the 2000 election, liberals evinced far less disdain for Bush than conservatives did for Al Gore. As *The New York Times* reported on the eve of the election, "The gap in intensity between Democrats and Republicans has been apparent all year." This "passion gap" manifested itself in the willingness of many liberals and leftists to vote for Ralph Nader, even in swing states. It became even more obvious during the Florida recount, when a December 2000 ABC News/*Washington Post* poll showed Gore voters more willing to accept a Bush victory than vice-versa, by a 47 to 28 percent margin. "There is no great ideological chasm dividing the candidates," retiring Democratic Senator Pat Moynihan told the *Times*. "Each one has his prescription-drugs plan, each one has his tax-cut program, and the country obviously thinks one would do about as well as the other."

Most Democrats took Bush's victory with a measure of equanimity because he had spent his campaign presenting himself as a "compassionate conservative"—a phrase intended to contrast him with the GOP ideologues in Congress—who would reduce partisan strife in Washington. His loss of the popular vote, and the disputed Florida recount, followed by his soothing promises to be "president of all Americans," all fed the widespread assumption that Bush would hew a centrist course. "Given the circumstances, there is only one possible governing strategy: a quiet, patient, and persistent bipartisanship," intoned a *New Yorker* editorial written by Joe Klein.

Instead, Bush has governed as the most partisan president in modern U.S. history. The pillars of his compassionate-conservative agenda—the faith-based initiative, charitable tax credits, additional spending on education—have been abandoned or absurdly underfunded. Instead, Bush’s legislative strategy has revolved around wringing out narrow, party-line votes for conservative priorities by applying relentless pressure to GOP moderates—in one case, to the point of driving Vermont’s James Jeffords out of the party. Indeed, when bipartisanship shows even the slightest sign of life, Bush usually responds by ruthlessly tamping it down. In 2001, he convinced GOP Representative Charlie Norwood to abandon his long-cherished patients’ bill of rights, which enjoyed widespread Democratic support. According to a *Washington Post* account, Bush and other White House officials “met with Norwood for hours and issued endless appeals to party loyalty.” Such behavior is now so routine that it barely rates notice. Earlier this year, a column by Novak noted almost in passing that “senior lawmakers are admonished by junior White House aides to refrain from being too chummy with Democrats.”

When the September 11 attacks gave Bush an opportunity to unite the country, he simply took it as another chance for partisan gain. He opposed a plan to bolster airport security for fear that it would lead to a few more union jobs. When Democrats proposed creating a Department of Homeland Security, he resisted it as well. But later, facing controversy over disclosures of pre-September 11 intelligence failures, he adopted the idea as his own and immediately began using it as a cudgel with which to bludgeon Democrats. The episode was telling: Having spent the better part of a year denying the need for any Homeland Security Department at all, Bush aides secretly wrote up a plan with civil service provisions they knew Democrats would oppose and then used it to impugn the patriotism of any Democrats who did—most notably Georgia Senator Max Cleland, a triple-amputee veteran running for reelection who, despite his support for the war with Iraq and general hawkishness, lost his Senate race thanks to an ugly GOP ad linking him to Osama bin Laden.

All this helps answer the oft-posed question of why liberals detest Bush more than Reagan. It’s not just that Bush has been more ideologically radical; it’s that Bush’s success represents a breakdown of the political process. Reagan didn’t pretend to be anything other than what he was; his election came at the crest of a twelve-year-long popular rebellion against liberalism. Bush, on the other hand, assumed office at a time when most Americans approved of Clinton’s policies. He triumphed largely because a number of democratic safeguards failed. The media overwhelmingly bought into Bush’s compassionate-conservative facade and downplayed his radical economic conservatism. On top of that, it took the monomania of a third-party spoiler candidate, plus an electoral college that gives disproportionate weight to GOP voters—the voting population of Gore’s blue-state voters exceeded that of Bush’s red-state voters—

even to bring Bush close enough that faulty ballots in Florida could put him in office.

But Bush is never called to task for the radical disconnect between how he got into office and what he has done since arriving. Reporters don’t ask if he has succeeded in “changing the tone.” Even the fact that Bush lost the popular vote is hardly ever mentioned. Liberals hate Bush not because he has succeeded but because his success is deeply unfair and could even be described as cheating.

IT DOESN’T HELP that this also happens to be a pretty compelling explanation of how Bush achieved his station in life. He got into college as a legacy; his parents’ friends and political cronies propped him up through a series of failed business ventures (the founder of Harken Energy summed up his economic appeal thusly: “His name was George Bush”); he obtained the primary source of his wealth by selling all his Harken stock before it plunged on bad news, triggering an inconclusive Securities Exchange Commission insider-trading investigation; the GOP establishment cleared a path for him through the primaries by showering him with a political war chest of previously unthinkable size; and conservative justices (one appointed by his father) flouted their own legal principles—adopting an absurdly expansive federal role to enforce voting rights they had never even conceived of before—to halt a recount that threatened to put his more popular opponent in the White House.

Conservatives believe liberals resent Bush in part because he is a rough-hewn Texan. In fact, they hate him because they believe he is *not* a rough-hewn Texan but rather a pampered frat boy masquerading as one, with his pickup truck and blue jeans serving as the perfect props to disguise his plutocratic nature. The liberal view of Bush was captured by *Washington Post* (and former *TNR*) cartoonist Tom Toles, who once depicted Bush being informed by an adviser that he “didn’t hit a triple. You were born on third base.” A puzzled Bush replies, “I thought I was born at my beloved hardscrabble Crawford ranch,” at which point his subordinate reminds him, “You bought that place a couple years ago for your presidential campaign.”

During the 1990s, it was occasionally noted that conservatives despised Clinton because he flouted their basic values. From the beginning, they saw him as a product of the 1960s, a moral relativist who gave his wife too much power. But what really set them off was that he cheated on his wife, lied, and got away with it. “We must teach our children that crime does not pay,” insisted former California Representa-

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tive and über-Clinton hater Bob Dornan. "What kind of example does this set to teach kids that lying like this is OK?" complained Andrea Sheldon Lafferty, executive director of the Traditional Values Coalition.

In a way, Bush's personal life is just as deep an affront to the values of the liberal meritocracy. How can they teach their children that they must get straight A's if the president slid through with C's—and brags about it!—and then, rather than truly earning his living, amasses a fortune through crony capitalism? The beliefs of the striving, educated elite were expressed, fittingly enough, by Clinton at a meeting of the Aspen Institute last month. Clinton, according to *New York* magazine reporter Michael Wolff, said of the Harken deal that Bush had "sold the stock to buy the baseball team which got him the governorship which got him the presidency." Every aspect of Bush's personal history points to the ways in which American life continues to fall short of the meritocratic ideal.

BUT PERHAPS MOST infuriating of all is the fact that liberals do not see their view of Bush given public expression. It's not that Bush has been spared from any criticism—far from it. It's that certain *kinds* of criticism have been largely banished from mainstream discourse. After Bush assumed office, the political media pretty much decided that the health of U.S. democracy, having edged uncomfortably close to chaos in December 2000, required a cooling of overheated passions. Criticism of Bush's policies—after a requisite honeymoon—was fine. But the media defined any attempt to question Bush's legitimacy as out-of-bounds. When, in early February, Democratic National Committee Chairman Terry McAuliffe invoked the Florida debacle, *The Washington Post* reported it thusly: "Although some Democratic leaders have concluded that the public wants to move past the ill will over the post-election maneuvering that settled the close Florida contest, McAuliffe plainly believes that with some audiences—namely, the Democratic base of activists he was addressing yesterday—a backward-looking appeal to resentment is for now the best way to motivate and unite an often-fractionious party." (This was in a *news* story!) "It sounds like you're still fighting the election," growled NBC's Tim Russert on "Meet the Press." "So much for bipartisanship!" huffed ABC's Sam Donaldson on "This Week."

Just as mainstream Democrats and liberals ceased to question Bush's right to hold office, so too did they cease to question his intelligence. If you search a journalistic database for articles discussing Bush's brainpower, you will find something curious. The idea of Bush as a dullard comes up frequently—but nearly always in the context of knocking it down. While it's described as a widely held view, one can find very few people who will admit to holding it. Conservatives use the theme as a taunt—if Bush is so dumb, how come he keeps winning? Liberals, spooked, have concluded that calling Bush dumb is a strategic mistake. "You're not going to get votes by assuming that, as a party, you're a lot

smarter than the voters," argued Democratic Leadership Council President Bruce Reed last November. "Casting Bush as a dummy also plays into his strategy of casting himself as a Texas common man," wrote *Washington Post* columnist E.J. Dionne in March 2001.

Maybe Bush's limited brainpower hasn't hampered his political success. And maybe pointing out that he's not the brightest bulb is politically counterproductive. Nonetheless, however immaterial or inconvenient the fact may be, it remains true that Bush is just not a terribly bright man. (Or, more precisely, his intellectual incuriosity is such that the effect is the same.) On the rare occasions Bush takes an extemporaneous question for which he hasn't prepared, he usually stumbles embarrassingly. When asked in July whether, given that Israel was releasing Palestinian prisoners, he would consider releasing famed Israeli spy Jonathan Pollard, Bush's answer showed he didn't even know who Pollard is. "Well, I said very clearly at the press conference with Prime Minister [Mahmoud] Abbas, I don't expect anybody to release somebody from prison who'll go kill somebody," he rambled. Bush's unscripted replies have caused him to accidentally change U.S. policy on Taiwan. And, while Bush's inner circle remains committed to the pretense of a president in total command of his staff, his advisers occasionally blurt out the truth. In the July issue of *Vanity Fair*, Richard Perle admitted that, when he first met Bush, "he didn't know very much."

While liberals have pretty much quit questioning Bush's competence, conservatives have given free rein to their most sycophantic impulses. Some of this is Bush's own doing—most notably, his staged aircraft-carrier landing, a naked attempt to transfer the public's admiration for the military onto himself (a man, it must be noted, who took a coveted slot in the National Guard during Vietnam and who then apparently declined to show up for a year of duty). Bush's supporters have spawned an entire industry of hagiographic kitsch. You can buy a twelve-inch doll of Bush clad in his "Mission Accomplished" flight suit or, if you have a couple thousand dollars to spend, a bronze bust depicting a steely-eyed "Commander-in-Chief" Bush. *National Review* is enticing its readers to fork over \$24.95 for a book-length collection of Bush's post-September 11, 2001, speeches—any and all of which could be downloaded from the White House website for free. The collection recasts Bush as Winston Churchill, with even his most mundane pronouncements ("Excerpted Remarks by the President from Speech at the Lighting of the National Christmas Tree," "Excerpted Remarks by the President from Speech to the Missouri Farmers Association") deemed worthy of cherishing in bound form. Meanwhile, the recent Showtime pseudo-documentary "DC 9/11" renders the president as a Clint Eastwood figure, lording over a cringing Dick Cheney and barking out such implausible lines as "If some tinhorn terrorist wants me, tell him to come on over and get me. I'll be here!"

Certainly Clinton had his defenders and admirers, but no

similar cult of personality. Liberal Hollywood fantasies—"The West Wing," *The American President*—all depict imaginary presidents who pointedly lack Clinton's personal flaws or penchant for compromise. The political point was more to highlight Clinton's deficiencies than to defend them.

The persistence of an absurdly heroic view of Bush is what makes his dullness so maddening. To be a liberal today is to feel as though you've been transported into some alternative universe in which a transparently mediocre man is revered as a moral and strategic giant. You ask yourself why Bush is considered a great, or even a like-

able, man. You wonder what it is you have been missing. Being a liberal, you probably subject yourself to frequent periods of self-doubt. But then you conclude that you're actually not missing anything at all. You decide Bush is a dullard lacking any moral constraints in his pursuit of partisan gain, loyal to no principle save the comfort of the very rich, unburdened by any thoughtful consideration of the national interest, and a man who, on those occasions when he actually does make a correct decision, does so almost by accident.

There. That feels better. ■

The case against Bush hatred. Hate Crimes

BY RAMESH PONNURU

WILL THE DEMOCRATS' loathing of President Bush lead them to make a big political mistake? It's a question many observers have raised in response to the rise of Howard Dean's Bush-bashing campaign. But it's misconceived: The Democrats have already made a big mistake because of their hostility toward Bush.

In 2002, Democrats made the Florida gubernatorial race a priority. That decision never made much sense. The incumbent Republican, Jeb Bush, was polling pretty well throughout the two previous years. At only one point did he look vulnerable: in the immediate aftermath of the Democratic primary, when the winner was enjoying statewide attention for having beaten Janet Reno. After that brief period, Bush again took a commanding lead.

But Democrats badly wanted to beat the president's brother and avenge the Florida-recount debacle. Democratic National Committee Chairman Terry McAuliffe called Jeb Bush the party's top target for 2002: "There won't be anything as devastating to President Bush as his brother's losing in Florida." Democratic money poured into the Florida race. But to no avail: In the end, Bush won by 13 points. The money Democrats wasted in Florida would have been better spent on tight Senate races in Missouri, Minnesota, and New Hampshire—or tight governors' races in Alabama and Vermont.

Florida is where Bush hatred started, where the Democrats' disdain for an underachieving frat boy began to morph into something more malevolent. Democrats saw Bush's tactics during the recount as an unprincipled, damn-the-consequences bid for power. Republicans saw Al Gore's tactics the same way and were as outraged by the Florida Supreme Court's actions as the Democrats were by

the U.S. Supreme Court's. But the Republicans won and moved on. Many Democrats didn't. For them, a taint of illegitimacy attaches to Bush. This is not unprecedented in U.S. history. Andrew Jackson thought that John Quincy Adams had stolen the presidency from him in a "corrupt bargain" in 1824 and spent four years saying so.

But Bush hatred has taken on a life of its own. It is now a sentiment that unites the Democratic Party, from Iraq hawks to Iraq doves, from moderates to liberals, from policy analysts at the Democratic Leadership Council to readers of *The Nation*, from union leaders to the people who wear "Impeach Bush" t-shirts. It is also a sentiment that could lead all of them to ruin next year.

CONSERVATIVES FIND THE hostility to Bush hard to understand. What is it about him that so upsets liberals? His radical plan to expand Medicare? His crafty plot to leave racial preferences alone if possible and tinker with them at the margins if he must? His Clear Skies Initiative, which will, if its responsible critics are to be believed, result in air pollution declining more slowly than it otherwise would?

Democrats are fond of saying that Bush campaigned as a moderate and has governed as a conservative. Actually, he campaigned as a moderate conservative and has governed as a moderate conservative. (And, since the left's attacks on him have, more than any factor besides the war on terrorism, bonded the right to Bush, they have actually freed him to be *more* moderate.) In 2001, Democrats kept hoping that some Bush initiative—his pro-life executive orders, his review of arsenic regulations, his tax cut—would be the early stumble that gays in the military was for Bill Clinton. But Clinton got in trouble in 1993 because his initiatives had not been vetted during the campaign: Bush père hadn't challenged him on the military gay ban, and Clinton hadn't talked about raising taxes. In 2000, on the other hand, W's policies on abortion, taxes, and the environment were extensively debated.

Bush's priorities as president, with the large and under-

Ramesh Ponnuru is a senior editor at NATIONAL REVIEW. He and Jonathan Chait will continue their debate over Bush hatred online at WWW.TNR.COM beginning Tuesday, September 23.

standable exception of the war on terrorism, were his priorities as a candidate: tax cuts, education, Medicare, tort reform, missile defense. He telegraphed that he would not be a culture warrior or an anti-government crusader, and he hasn't been. Conservatives knew he would do some big things that made us happy while regularly doing smaller things to annoy us. So it has proved.

Liberals should try to remember their own analysis of conservatives' Clinton hatred. Conservatives were said to be unable to stand Clinton's political success, especially since it had been accomplished by co-opting the popular components of the conservative agenda. Conservatives were reduced to complaining that Clinton's welfare reform wasn't true reform. Today, liberals explain their hostility to Bush as a function of his radicalism. But they are really in a situation similar to the one conservatives were in during the '90s. On the patients' bill of rights and on prescription drugs, the Democrats have been reduced to saying that Bush has blurred the issues: His bills aren't the real thing, for reasons too eye-glazing for most people to follow. (It may be no accident that the most reviled presidents of recent decades—Richard Nixon, Clinton, the younger Bush—have been the successful centrists.) It's a frustrating position to be in, especially for people who have convinced themselves the man who is beating them is a moron.

Other Democrats profess to be troubled less by Bush's policies than by his allegedly win-at-any-costs approach to politics. The bill of indictment is by now running rather long. Bush smeared Gore as a liar; stole the presidency in Florida; sanctioned an ad that questioned the patriotism of Democratic Senator Max Cleland, a disabled Vietnam veteran; and is directing the Texas GOP's unprecedented attempt to alter the redistricting lines for partisan advantage. And, well before the weapons-of-mass-destruction-intelligence controversy, the view that Bush was manipulating foreign policy for domestic political gain was not uncommon, even among moderate Democrats. The fact that Bush himself rarely makes overtly partisan remarks—instead claiming to want to “change the tone” of politics—makes his hardball tactics all the more infuriating.

In my view, there is a convincing retort to every charge. The ad against Cleland, for example, claimed that his position on homeland security legislation made the United States vulnerable to attacks. True or false, that's a legitimate issue. Even if his patriotism really had been implicitly questioned, would it have been so much worse than what happened to Republican Ellen Sauerbrey when she ran for governor of Maryland? She had voted against a sexual harassment law and was attacked on that basis as an opponent of civil rights. The implication of racism was at least as clear as the implication of lack of patriotism in Cleland's case. I don't recall Clinton standing up for Sauerbrey.

I don't think any of these controversies quite explains the anger Bush inspires. Nor, for that matter, do Bush's supposed lies about fiscal policy. Jonathan Chait, Paul Krugman, and a few other journalists have made this case against

Bush, but very few voters, whatever their political persuasion, get passionate about deficits.

For some people, the dislike is personal. It's not the unearned privilege Bush was born into (his detractors don't have anything against the Kennedys). It's that Bush seems to lack the kind of extemporaneous verbal intelligence that is rated highly by people who possess it. (Even his staunchest defenders must admit that it would be nice if Bush spoke in complete sentences.) And it's maddening to his opponents that Bush seems to want to win political victories without winning arguments with his critics and to shift course without ever explaining his thinking.

At the end of the day, though, the antipathy toward Bush seems largely cultural. Here, too, the parallel with the Clinton haters suggests itself. Clinton was a liberal boomer elitist to his enemies: a Yale know-it-all. Bush, to his, is a Yale know-nothing. Bush may have no zest for the culture war himself—his signature issue is the warm-and-fuzzy faith-based initiative, not a call to ban abortions—but he can hardly help being one of its objects. The reason Bush does not engage in the culture war, after all, is precisely that the country's cultural division cuts so deeply that it does not pay to do so. Bush is red-state America for his critics. He is narrow-minded, materialistic, provincial, backward, agnostic only about evolution: All the things they wish the country could leave behind. In an age when politics remains a matter of identity and affinity, being against Bush—or for him—is culture war by other means.

THE COUNTRY AS a whole still likes Bush. Can the Democrats change that by next November, or will Bush do so himself? The public seems more likely to turn on Bush as a failure than as a liar or menace. It is also possible that strident attacks on Bush will damage his opponent. One danger is that Democrats will be identified with the left-wing fringe that regards Bush as a Nazi and a murderer. But, even if that doesn't happen, every critique the Democrats make of Bush's policies could become tinged with an unappealing hostility toward Bush himself.

Perhaps Democrats could learn from Bush's campaign in 2000. As Democratic pollster Mark Penn recently observed in *The Washington Post*, the Republican Party did not let its contempt for Clinton—which certainly existed—dictate its strategy. Bush's promise to restore honor and dignity to the Oval Office was certainly a shot at Clinton, but Bush did not run on anti-Clintonism as Bob Dole had, to some extent, in 1996. Accepting the Republican nomination, Bush declared that he had “no stake in the bitter arguments of the last few years.” Clinton was not on the ballot in 2000, while Bush will be in 2004, so Democrats will have to be tougher on the incumbent than Bush was then. But the tone he struck in 2000 is still closer to the public mood than the Democrats' anti-Bush stridency.

Penn clearly believes that the Democrats have plenty of time to change their tone. But he is asking a lot. He is asking his party to follow its interests instead of its resentments. ■

BOOKS & THE ARTS

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS Belief and Doubt

GEORGES LOPEZ HAS RETIRED by now. This is a loss. From what we see of him in the French documentary *TO BE AND TO HAVE*, he is one of the modest stalwarts who keep the world going. An old saw tells us that civilization is sustained by just eleven people. Lopez is certainly one of them.

He had some years of experience before he became a teacher in a country school in the Auvergne, where he lived for twenty years. (Literally. He had an apartment upstairs.) His pupils, who were in three age groups, ranged from three and a half to eleven-plus. The schoolroom is (dare I say), surprisingly pleasant, equipped with movable tables and chairs of appropriate sizes—no old fixed school desks. The director of this film, Nicolas Philibert, eminent in the documentary field, wanted to chronicle the life of a country school and, the press notes tell us, looked at several hundred schools. He settled on this one in Saint-Étienne-sur-Usson. Philibert may have liked this school because the building is pleasant, but he seems to have chosen it principally because of Lopez.

When he broached the idea to Lopez, that he wanted simply to record the life of a country school without flurry or climax, the teacher said, "You'll have to be patient." Philibert said, "That's the point." This is the film's success: its patience, which in a way mirrors the teacher's. Philibert surely must know Bertrand Tavernier's engrossing *It All Starts Today* (1999), which dealt with social struggles in and around a school in northern France. Philibert's intent was otherwise: daily life without drama.

Various details for the filming were arranged, then the children were intro-

duced to Philibert and his colleagues and equipment. The visitors succeeded in becoming part of the background, of the room itself. Not often do the children look at the camera—in fact, the older ones hardly notice it at all. (Possibly television has given them the camera savvy that is so common these days.)

What happens in the film? In anything like a narrative sense, nothing. Lopez simply teaches, helps, leads, reassures the children. The seasons roll on,

and glimpses of the surrounding countryside recur like reminders of an immanent blessing. Among the smaller children, the drawings, conversations, discoveries, disappointments, surprises are absolutely enchanting. (One of smallest

girls, and not the least charming of them, is Vietnamese.) Among the two older groups the daily doings inevitably get a bit more complicated, but there is nothing really troubling—no illness or problem child. Philibert is not a reporter but a sort of abstractionist: he is after a quintessence. If the film has one troubled point, it is a fight between two of the biggest boys, which we don't actually see but which Lopez arbitrates with a skill that, quite delusively on our part, makes us wish he could have been a diplomat.

Most of the people on the screen most of the time are children, but, as Philibert is implicitly aware, the real subject is Lopez. (His father was a Spanish émigré, his mother French.) It would be too simple and almost offensive to say that he loves the children. What he loves, apparently—what he is in awe of, feels immensely responsible for—is possibility. He wants to make these children alert to possibility throughout their lives, to recognize it, to attempt it. Life will flow along to its end, and this man feels entrusted with shaping some beginnings

that will lead to a fulfilled finish.

Certainly there are many teachers of children everywhere like Lopez. I know two of them. These teachers are some of the most important people in the world—so self-evidently that we can wonder why the world does not treat them as such.

A specter is haunting Europe—the specter of post-postmodernism. (Rest easy, Monsieur Lopez. You are not responsible.) In the past few months we have seen films from France and Austria, both made by people with cinematic gifts, that no longer were intent merely to negate the aesthetic burdens of the past: they seemed to negate that negation, to come as close as possible to the absence of everything we might expect either from a traditional film or its enemy. *Seaside* by Julie Lopes-Curval dealt with a group of people at a French beach resort whose maneuvers with and against and without one another wallowed in inaction and were intended, I think, to depict the stringency of emotion to which the modern world has reduced us. *Dog Days* by Ulrich Seidl was set in a tract-house suburb of Vienna during a heat wave that pressed people into grossness. Some seventy years earlier, Ödön von Horváth wrote a play called *Tales From the Vienna Woods* that exposed the wormy underside of Straussian gaiety. Seidl's film did not delve deeper than Horváth's play, it just went flatter—with a series of disparate coarse events, many of which featured naked men and women, middle-aged and unshapely, in various sexual acts. The only element vaguely resembling a link between all these events was a demented woman who cadged lifts in the cars of some of these people and was eventually raped. The dog-day depression was more social than solar.

Now here is *CARNAGE* by Delphine Gleize, a French writer-director who has probably breached the code of the new non-order by actually connecting her disparate stories, even if tenuously. In Spain a young matador is badly gored and rushed to a hospital. The bull is killed, and the various parts of its body are shipped around Europe: a pair of horns to a taxidermist, the eyes to a veterinary researcher, a bone to a home

TO BE AND TO HAVE
(New Yorker)

CARNAGE
(Wellspring)

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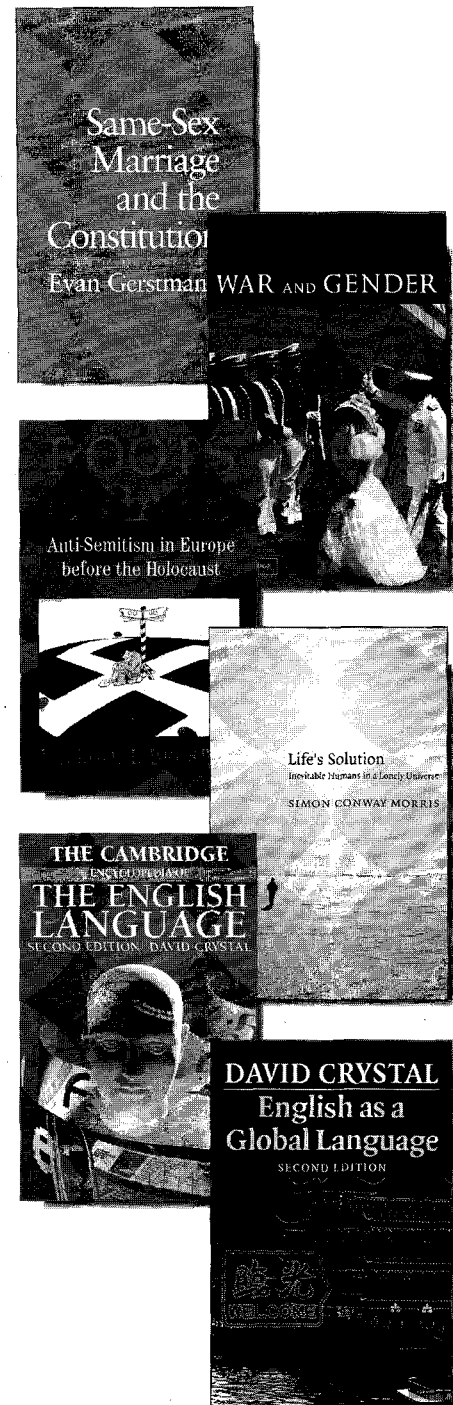
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where a Great Dane is loved by a little girl who saw the opening bullfight on television, some of the beef to a French restaurant where it is served to a woman whose daughter is soon killed in an accident and whose liver is flown to Spain to save the matador's life. There is more, but I mention only that the film also includes therapy sessions in a swimming pool with sixteen naked men and women, young and otherwise, who have just met.

What keeps the film from the imme-

diately ridiculous—postpones the ridiculousness for a while—is the fact that Gleize gets reasonable performances from her cast and composes every shot with an acute painterly eye. But, even if later rather than sooner, the sheer pointlessness of the enterprise smothers it. No kind of thematic point is engaged: every episode could be replaced by a different episode. The whole is just a wan rejection of traditional story, as well as a weak slap at those who still bother to attack the story tradition. ■

David J. Garrow

The Party of Freedom

The golden age of civil rights.

BAYARD RUSTIN ONCE GREETED the blind proprietor of an antiques store and asked if he could have a closer look at a piece hanging high on one wall. "Certainly, Mr. Rustin," the owner answered. "How do you know I'm Mr. Rustin?" the startled visitor replied. "I used to work for the FBI," the man answered with a gentle smile, "and I recognize your voice from our wiretaps."

It was a story that Rustin loved to tell, and one that captured multiple facets of a remarkable life: his civil rights work as the prime organizer of the March on Washington in 1963, his passion for collecting, and his uniquely distinctive voice, which remains unforgettable even sixteen years after his death. John D'Emilio's superb and powerful biography, *Lost Prophet: The Life and Times of Bayard Rustin*, gives both the highs and the lows of Rustin's often poignant life. Rustin was a gifted speaker and singer who became one of America's best-known pacifists during the 1940s and 1950s, but his principles forced him to endure twenty-eight months in federal prison from 1944 to 1946 rather than submit to military conscription. Yet that sentence was far from his most traumatic jailhouse experience. A sexually active gay man in an era when homosexuals appeared in the media only in police-blotter stories, Rustin was arrested in Pasadena in 1953 for consensual sex with two other men in a parked car. This in-

LOST PROPHET: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF BAYARD RUSTIN
By John D'Emilio
(Free Press, 568 pp., \$35)

TIME ON TWO CROSSES: THE COLLECTED WRITINGS OF BAYARD RUSTIN
Edited by Devon W. Carbado and Donald Weise
(Cleis Press, 354 pp., \$16.95)

ELLA BAKER AND THE BLACK FREEDOM MOVEMENT: A RADICAL DEMOCRATIC VISION
By Barbara Ransby
(University of North Carolina Press, 470 pp., \$34.95)

WHITE: THE BIOGRAPHY OF WALTER WHITE, MR. NAACP
By Kenneth Robert Janken
(The New Press, 477 pp., \$29.95)

THE DREAM: MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., AND THE SPEECH THAT INSPIRED A NATION
By Drew D. Hansen
(Ecco, 293 pp., \$23.95)

cident derailed his life, and for the next decade it threatened his civil rights activism with an ignominious stain.

Rustin is best remembered for a single day: August 28, 1963, the March on Washington. Yet his most significant his-

torical contribution may have been to press Martin Luther King Jr. into capitalizing on the success of the bus boycott in Montgomery, Alabama in 1956, which first brought King to national fame, by setting up a new South-wide civil rights group called the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC). The SCLC was ostensibly founded by a regional network of young black ministers who believed, like King, that non-violent direct action could galvanize the struggle for freedom in the Deep South. But the vision of the SCLC was fundamentally Rustin's, in primary conjunction with two fellow New Yorkers who also became exceptionally important behind-the-scenes actors in the civil rights movement of the 1960s: Stanley D. Levison and Ella J. Baker.

Levison became King's most influential personal counselor. His earlier secret life as one of the two most significant financial operatives of the American Communist Party opened the door to the FBI's aggressive surveillance of King and his advisers, which began in 1962 and lasted until well after King's death in 1968. Levison's pre-1956 life is so deeply buried in the shadows of history that no critical biography will ever be possible, but his day-by-day telephonic advice to King has been preserved for the ages thanks to the FBI's ubiquitous wiretappers.

Miss Baker—that is what everyone who knew her called her—lived a life less dramatic than Rustin's but almost equally influential. An important figure at the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) from 1940 to 1946, Baker was sent south by Rustin and Levison to be the SCLC's first executive director—indeed, its first staff member—in early 1958. Baker was a prim but forthright feminist, with a political vision focused on grassroots mobilization and egalitarian democracy, not on organizational hierarchy or ministerial pronouncements. Her three years at the SCLC were rocky and frustrating, but they placed her in the perfect position, come spring 1960, to become exactly what Rustin had become: the progenitor of a new organization that would re-define the civil rights struggle in the South.

David J. Garrow is the author of BEARING THE CROSS: MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., AND THE SOUTHERN CHRISTIAN LEADERSHIP CONFERENCE. (Morrow).

That organization was the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), which emerged out of the lunch-counter sit-ins that swept the South that spring. Over the next six years, SNCC was as central as King to the evolution of the southern movement, even if it received vastly less news coverage. *Ella Baker and the Black Freedom Movement*, Barbara Ransby's biography of Ella Baker, confirms the accepted view that Baker "had more influence than any other single individual on the development and sustenance" of SNCC. Ransby also seeks to plumb the life story of an insistently private woman who, unlike Rustin, left behind only a very modest corpus of political writing.

BAKER ARRIVED IN HARLEM IN 1927, at the age of twenty-three, from eastern North Carolina, and bounced through a succession of left-liberal but non-Communist political jobs before gaining steady employment with the NAACP just as she turned thirty-seven. Rustin, eight years younger, arrived in Manhattan a decade after Baker, at the age of twenty-five. He likewise traversed a raft of political groups, including a brief sojourn in the Young Communist League, before attaching himself to the most respected man in black America, the left-wing labor leader A. Philip Randolph, in 1940. But as Baker moved into her NAACP work, traveling the country to recruit new members for the association's hundreds of local branches, Rustin became a staff member of the Fellowship of Reconciliation (FOR), a largely white group that was America's leading pacifist organization. Reared by his Quaker-influenced grandparents in southeastern Pennsylvania, Rustin came easily and wholeheartedly to FOR's advocacy of non-violence, and the group's leader, the Christian socialist A.J. Muste, became even more of a mentor to him than Randolph.

Baker was promoted to director of branches in early 1943, but she left the NAACP in 1946 after becoming increasingly frustrated with the national office's top-down approach to organization-building and its decided preference for elite-controlled litigating and lobbying rather than community organizing. As Ransby observes, Baker appreciated, "as the national leadership consistently did not, that the branches were the essence

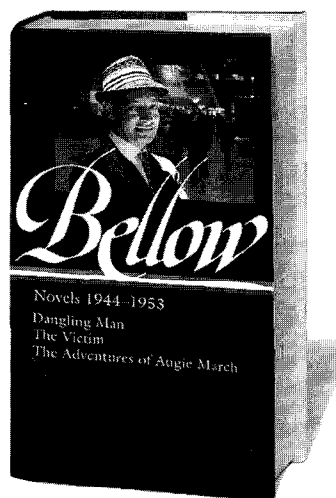
of the organization's strength." In 1944, Baker voiced her desire to "transform the local branches from being centers of sporadic activity to becoming centers of sustained and dynamic community leadership," but her agenda ran up against a powerful organizational mentality. As Kenneth Robert Janken has detailed in his very valuable biography of Walter White, the NAACP's executive secretary from 1931 until his death in 1955, the national office of the NAACP emphasized "the branches' financial obligations to headquarters" to such an extent that the branches were "cash cows" in which "most members did little more with the NAACP than pay dues."

Like Ransby, Janken believes that, "as a thoroughgoing advocate of intra-organizational democracy," Baker "was a rare presence within the NAACP staff," and one whose resignation reflected the group's unfortunate limitations. She left the NAACP just a few weeks before Rustin was released from the federal penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. Rustin later called his imprisonment "the most profound and important experience I've ever had," but his homosexu-

ality had made his confinement difficult indeed. Eight months before his jailing, Rustin had begun a serious relationship with Davis Platt, a twenty-year-old white man who enrolled at Columbia University. "I never had any sense at all that Bayard felt any shame or guilt about his homosexuality," Platt told D'Emilio. "And that was rare in those days. Rare." Rustin began his prison term committed to a principled attack upon all instances of racial segregation inside the federal prison system, but his incipient success in those efforts ended abruptly when he was caught having sex with a fellow inmate. D'Emilio castigates Rustin's sexual activity as "an alarming lapse of integrity and judgment," which Rustin then compounded "when he lied to protect himself from disgrace." Agonizing letters to Platt and Muste disclosed how much "anguished soul searching" Rustin underwent in response to his embarrassment and his administrative punishment.

Yet Rustin's "inner struggle over his promiscuity" continued unabated after his release from prison and his resumption of his high-profile job at FOR. "Rustin emerged from Lewisburg with a

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steely commitment to redeem himself and to prove that his sacrifice mattered," D'Emilio writes, and in early 1947 he was a courageous participant in the Journey of Reconciliation, a little-remembered effort to de-segregate interstate bus travel in the southeastern states. The interracial group of riders was set upon by a violent mob in Chapel Hill, just as the more widely heralded Freedom Riders were assaulted in Anniston, Birmingham, and Montgomery fourteen years later. Rustin ended up serving twenty-two days on a chain gang as punishment for his activism.

Rustin's "sexual adventuring" led to the end of his partnership with Platt, who ditched him in 1947 after "coming home one day and finding him in bed with somebody else," as Platt told D'Emilio. Much of Rustin's work for FOR kept him on the road for the better part of each year, speaking to campus groups and civic associations, and D'Emilio argues that the unusual "sexual energy that Rustin projected" encouraged a "whiff of expectant scandal" among his close friends and colleagues at FOR. His arrest in Pasadena in 1953, for which Rustin served sixty days in jail, led Muste to fire him. "The Pasadena arrest proved to be the pivotal event in Rustin's life," D'Emilio writes, one that trailed him "for many years afterward" and that "severely restricted the public roles he was allowed to assume." As D'Emilio rightly emphasizes, Rustin's arrest "was emblematic of gay life in this era," when hundreds of gay men were arrested daily in similar if less flagrant circumstances all across the United States. In the aftermath of the Pasadena trauma, Rustin settled into a low-visibility job with the tiny War Resisters League (WRL), which would remain his official organizational home until 1965.

WHEREAS RUSTIN'S PRIVATE life was all too public, Ella Baker's personal life has remained largely a mystery, first to her friends and now to her biographer. She spent the late 1940s and early 1950s piecing together an income "through a series of odd jobs," in Ransby's account, in part because she became in effect a mother in 1946, when her nine-year-old niece came to live with her in Harlem. In 1940 Baker had married T. J. Roberts, a beau from her North Carolina college days, but she never took his name and few of her political ac-

quaintances ever met him. Baker and Roberts lived together for eighteen years before divorcing in 1958, just as Baker headed south to work for the SCLC, but in subsequent years Baker never spoke about Roberts and few friends even knew that she had been married. In an earlier biography of Baker, Joanne Grant included a picture of Roberts along with the statement that the divorce occurred because he had become "depressed and morose"; but Ransby is understandably frustrated by her inability to learn why Baker never treated Roberts "as an integral part of her life" and why she always remained "so guarded about her private life."

After the Montgomery bus boycott was launched in December 1955, almost two months passed before the black community's remarkable achievement became a national news story. By this time Baker was already working with Levison in a small new group named In Friendship, which aimed to provide financial support to southern black activists. In late February, at A. Philip Randolph's behest, Rustin traveled to Montgomery and volunteered his assistance to the bus-boycott leadership. He was the first experienced outsider to come to their aid.

Martin Luther King Jr., chosen on the first day of the boycott as the black community's primary spokesperson, had already articulated a message of "love our enemies" before Rustin (and then FOR's Glenn Smiley, who likewise traveled to Montgomery) began encouraging him to articulate the boycott's message in the language of Gandhi as well as that of the Bible. Rustin and King quickly bonded, for King almost immediately realized how helpful Rustin could be with tactics, public relations, and writing. "Rustin came to King as damaged goods," in D'Emilio's words, and even cut short his first visit to Montgomery because his fellow New Yorkers feared that his record might tar the boycott. But his relationship with King developed apace. D'Emilio calls him "the perfect mentor for King at this stage in the young minister's career," and he correctly remarks that over "the ensuing months and years, Rustin left a profound mark on the evolution of King's role as national leader." But most importantly of all, "almost from his first meeting with King, Rustin raised the issue of a permanent organization" growing out of the boycott. By late 1956, when the Supreme Court's affirmation of an earlier lower

federal court ruling guaranteed that the boycott would end in success, Rustin was taking the lead, with Levison and Baker, in drawing up the founding documents of the SCLC.

IN CREATING THE SCLC, RUSTIN "had moved the struggle for racial justice a huge step forward," D'Emilio writes. But Rustin's hope that the SCLC would build a "mass movement across the South," with "disciplined groups prepared to act as 'non-violent shock troops'" in the belief that "direct action is our most potent political weapon," slowly came to naught. King and his fellow ministers had neither the time nor the experience to build such an organization from scratch, and even when Baker by her lonely self was sent to Atlanta a year later to get the SCLC up and running, her primary mission was to coordinate only a modest series of voter-registration rallies.

Baker's two and a half years at the helm of the SCLC were "more frustrating than fruitful," as Ransby reports. But in bringing together the young college students who cut their political teeth on the early 1960 sit-ins, and in giving those students the organizational room to create SNCC rather than affiliate themselves with the SCLC or any other existing civil rights group, she opened the door for the actual deployment of precisely the sort of "nonviolent shock troops" for which Rustin had hoped three years earlier. Baker emerged from the students' founding session as "the decisive force in their collective political future," and just as Rustin had such a significant impact upon King, Baker's "ideas and teachings permeated [SNCC's] discussions, shaped its ethos, and set its tone."

Reviewing the many letters of advice that Rustin sent King between 1956 and 1960, D'Emilio compares Rustin to a "teacher who formulates pointed questions for his pupil to consider as a way of crystallizing key issues." The characterization perfectly captures the way in which Baker guided the young people of SNCC toward her own long-standing belief that "people did not really need to be led; they needed to be given the skills, information, and opportunity to lead themselves." Baker's preference for "rank-and-file organizing built on pre-existing community networks" reached back twenty years to her fieldwork with the NAACP, but it had been intensi-

fied by her experience with King and the SCLC. The churchly emphasis upon King as a highly heralded individual leader did at least as much harm as good, Baker concluded, for "when ordinary people elevate their leaders above the crowd, they devalue the power within themselves." As SNCC moved away from "transitory, high-profile events like the sit-ins and freedom rides to protracted day-to-day grassroots organizing in local communities" all across the Deep South in 1961 and 1962, its young staff members put Baker's teachings into practice. Their work earned little of the front-page attention that King received, but what they quietly accomplished, often under conditions of grave danger from local whites, eventually represented the freedom movement's most distinctive legacy.

Rustin spent those crucial years from 1960 to early 1963 once again in political exile. Randolph had envisioned staging significant protests in the summer of 1960 at both the Republican and Democratic conventions to highlight the parties' tepid commitment to civil rights, but the renegade New York congressman Adam Clayton Powell Jr. decided to sandbag Randolph's project. Why Powell behaved as he did has long been a mystery, but one particular tactic that he employed privately—threatening to spread a rumor that Rustin and King were sexual intimates—so frightened King that he backed away both from the convention protests and from Rustin. D'Emilio contends, based upon suggestive but far from conclusive evidence, that Powell was acting at the behest of Roy Wilkins, the executive secretary of the NAACP. Like Walter White before him, Wilkins loathed other activists, and King in particular, who posed a threat to the NAACP's preeminence. Even a generation ago the incident was impossible to understand, but its effects were clear: King's sudden jettisoning of Rustin "essentially dissolved Rustin's relationship with King and the SCLC" and underscored again how "the stigma of his homosexuality might, at any moment, rise to curtail his influence."

ALMOST THREE YEARS WENT BY before Rustin, thanks to Randolph, re-emerged on the civil rights stage. Which of the two men first expressed the idea for a march on Washington is unclear, but both viv-

idly recalled how two decades earlier Randolph's threat of a similar protest had been enough to force a reluctant Franklin D. Roosevelt to prohibit racial discrimination in federal military contracting. Rustin's initial prospectus for a march in 1963 "put economics front and center," and focused not on congressional passage of anti-discrimination legislation but on "a broad and fundamental program of economic justice" aimed at bringing black Americans to economic and social parity with whites.

At first Rustin and Randolph had little success in persuading the major civil rights groups to embrace their plan. But then, as D'Emilio puts it, "Birmingham changed everything." The mass protests that King's SCLC organized there in early May 1963, at the request of Reverend Fred Shuttlesworth's local activist group, catapulted the southern struggle onto America's—and the world's—front pages as never before. The international denunciations of the police dogs and the fire hoses that local lawmen deployed against the often youthful demonstrators forced President John F. Kennedy and Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy to begin drafting a comprehensive civil rights bill. And the protests also energized civil rights proponents far and wide: first King and then even Wilkins's NAACP, as well as the National Urban League, quickly endorsed Randolph's plan for a march. President Kennedy personally tried to dissuade the civil rights leadership from pursuing Randolph's idea, contending that it would hurt rather than help the legislative prospects of his new bill, but Randolph refused to desist.

In a reprise of earlier events, Wilkins objected to Randolph's desire to name Rustin as director of the march, but Randolph sidestepped the problem by saying that he would be the director and would choose his own deputy. In late June, August 28 was announced as the date for the march, and the ensuing "eight weeks were the busiest of Rustin's life." Working from a modest headquarters on West 130th Street in Harlem, Rustin and a team of young aides began pulling together the logistics for the event at the Lincoln Memorial and for all the transportation that would deliver people first to Washington and then back home in a single day.

Three weeks before the march, Senator Strom Thurmond, working with documents furnished either by the FBI (as

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D'Emilio asserts) or—more likely—by the southern network of segregationist state investigators who also rigorously monitored the movement, publicly smeared Rustin on the floor of the Senate by resurrecting the reports of his Pasadena arrest a decade earlier. Randolph immediately sprang to the public defense of Rustin's integrity, and Thurmond's attack melted away with surprisingly little impact. Thanks to the scurrilous Thurmond, D'Emilio notes, "Rustin had become perhaps the most visible homosexual in America."

THIS PAROXYSM OF HOMOPHOBIA occurred just as final preparations for the march were building toward the culmination that was universally acknowledged as a rousing moment in American history. King's "I Have a Dream" speech, beautifully analyzed in Drew Hansen's new book, *The Dream: Martin Luther King, Jr., and the Speech That Inspired a Nation*, was the climax of an event that in retrospect represented the movement's feel-good apotheosis. The enactment of Kennedy's bill as the landmark Civil Rights Act of 1964 followed ten months later, but by the time President Lyndon B. Johnson signed it into law, events in the South and in the North were carrying the movement in a decidedly new direction.

In the South, SNCC's application of Ella Baker's grassroots organizing principles had given birth in Mississippi to a new statewide political group, the Freedom Democratic Party, which was well on its way to challenging Mississippi's "regular" all-white Democrats for the state's seats at the Democratic National Convention in Atlantic City in August 1964. But Johnson's fear that a loss of the segregationist South might somehow make him vulnerable to Barry Goldwater, the far-right candidate of the Republicans, led to the Mississippi Freedom Democrats being offered only a token two seats at the convention, which the party's grassroots delegation angrily rejected. Rustin joined King and other civil rights luminaries in unsuccessfully advising the Mississippi activists to accept Johnson's offer, but most young activists viewed it as proof that the liberal establishment could not be trusted to vindicate the southern movement's radically egalitarian goals. As Ransby writes, Atlantic City was a "watershed that signaled SNCC's de-

parture from the liberal fold toward much more radical directions."

In the North, the weeks just prior to the convention had witnessed serious rioting in Harlem, a modest harbinger of what Los Angeles, Chicago, Detroit, and other cities would experience in the three summers just ahead. The Harlem unrest "so shook Rustin," D'Emilio notes, that he took the lead in persuading King and other movement chieftains to call for a moratorium on direct-action protests until the November presidential election.

Rustin's stance at Atlantic City, like his advocacy of the protest moratorium, signaled a major evolution in his thinking, which he forcefully articulated in an essay titled "From Protest to Politics," which appeared in *Commentary*—at that time a liberal magazine—in February 1965. As D'Emilio says, even "more than a generation after its writing," Rustin's essay "still reads as a compelling piece of political analysis." The crux of Rustin's argument was his assertion that "the future of the Negro struggle depends on whether ... a coalition of progressive forces ... becomes the effective political majority in the United States." In Rustin's view, only a black-labor-liberal alliance, operating through a Democratic Party shorn of its segregationist baggage, could win the enactment of the economic policies that his initial prospectus for the March on Washington had identified as necessary for true black equality.

BUT RUSTIN'S STRATEGIC VISION faced a huge obstacle: the war in Vietnam. Rustin had already called for the withdrawal of all American forces from South Vietnam, but his advocacy of an intimate political alliance between the freedom movement and the increasingly militaristic Johnson administration infuriated many of his longtime pacifist allies. Within the movement, too, anti-war and anti-Johnson sentiment grew markedly during 1965 and early 1966, but Rustin remained silent on the war. Instead he focused almost exclusively on fashioning a detailed economic program that would provide substantive grounding for his coalition politics strategy. Operating after mid-1965 from the A. Philip Randolph Institute, a new AFL-CIO-funded entity that would be Rustin's organizational home for the rest of his life, Rustin put forward a "Freedom

Budget" that D'Emilio rightly describes as an "ambitious" and progressive expansion of Johnson's "rhetorically inspiring but programmatically modest" War on Poverty.

The Freedom Budget forthrightly championed "a redistribution of wealth" in America, but as a policy initiative it was an "utter failure," as D'Emilio remarks, because any "opportunities for a progressive coalition were evaporating" into the unbridgeable political chasm that opened between the anti-war left and the pro-Johnson Democratic centrists. What's more, even though King's own leftward economic evolution made it seem "as if Rustin still worked as his ghostwriter," King's harsh attacks on Johnson's war policies sundered the political partnership that he and Rustin had largely restored in the two years following the great march.

Just as Rustin and King diverged, Ella Baker's role as "resident elder and intellectual mentor" of SNCC came to a clear and telling end. Baker had played a major role in the Atlantic City challenge, but she did not attend SNCC's most decisive subsequent conference, and as internal strains increasingly pulled the group apart, she was not present to work for SNCC's survival. "There was not a sharp break but a gradual drift and erosion of the relationship," Ransby writes. Baker "attended fewer and fewer meetings and was called less and less for consultation," and by the time Stokely Carmichael, the new chairman of SNCC, popularized the call for "black power" in 1966, the ethos of 1960 seemed much more than six years distant.

Rustin's trajectory in the late 1960s is difficult for D'Emilio to explain. "Despite his early statements against the war and his decades as a pacifist, Rustin was nowhere to be found in the largest anti-war movement in the history of the United States," D'Emilio pointedly notes. Rustin's absence was "glaring," but "no simple explanation ... deciphers the mystery of Rustin's detachment from the war" and from the burgeoning protests against it. While it would seem that nobody with Rustin's record of principled self-sacrifice could have done anything other than speak out loudly, D'Emilio suggests that the intensity of Rustin's commitment to his economic coalition agenda precluded him from acknowledging that Vietnam was an issue of at least equal significance.

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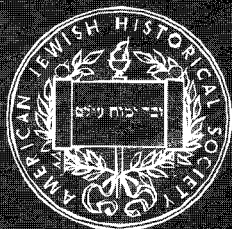
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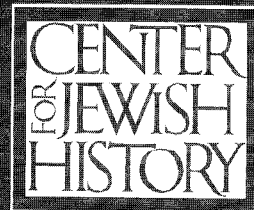
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LOST PROPHET is the third major biography of Rustin in the last six years, and now a new collection of Rustin's writings, *Time on Two Crosses*, edited by Devon W. Carbado and Donald Weise, makes many of Rustin's essays easily available. The first biography of Rustin, Jervis Anderson's *Bayard Rustin: Troubles I've Seen*, which appeared in 1997, was unenthusiastically received; Anderson's reticence or discomfort in fully and frankly addressing Rustin's homosexuality was the primary weakness of his book. Daniel Levine's *Bayard Rustin and the Civil Rights Movement*, published in 2000, gained little attention but was significantly more illuminating. Levine was the first to unearth the Federal Bureau of Prisons records that so richly detail Rustin's incarceration from 1944 to 1946, but Levine sometimes was far too trusting of erroneous oral-history recollections, an error that D'Emilio carefully avoids.

Late in his life Rustin told an interviewer, "I spent years looking for exciting sex.... I overemphasized sex." Perhaps Rustin was acknowledging that Davis Platt's rejection in 1947 should have led him to alter his course well before his arrest on the streets of Pasadena. Only in the final decade of his life did Rustin find what D'Emilio terms "a comfortable domesticity," after meeting Walter Naegle, a young white man almost forty years his junior. Until his sudden death in August 1987, Rustin spent much of his last fifteen years traveling the globe, often on behalf of the International Rescue Committee, as his energies moved decisively away from domestic policy reforms.

In contrast to Rustin, Ella Baker never traveled outside the United States, and after 1970 her energies were taxed by asthma, arthritis, and finally Alzheimer's. While Rustin and Naegle's midtown Manhattan apartment overflowed with more art objects than a small museum, Baker lived out the balance of her life in a light-filled but somewhat sparse Harlem high-rise apartment with her niece. She died on her eighty-third birthday in December 1986, nine months before Rustin was felled by a heart attack following surgery for a burst appendix.

Rustin's and Baker's lives tracked much of the course of twentieth-century African American history, from the peak years of A. Philip Randolph and the NAACP to the loss of King and the dissolution of SNCC at the end of the 1960s.

Neither lived an easy or restful existence, and Baker's reticence may have shielded private wounds just as painful as Rustin's public ones. But both of them fundamentally altered and improved the course of the freedom struggle in their time. Bayard Rustin was as significant a political influence on Martin Luther King Jr. as any other individual, and without Rustin the SCLC may well not have come into existence. Ella Baker was predominantly responsible for the creation of SNCC, and her profound impact on its young activists stimulated their pivotal commitment to community organizing in the Deep South's toughest

locales. That neither Rustin nor Baker was able to alter the course of events after 1966 only underscores how great and how sad a turn those later years witnessed. Barbara Ransby and John D'Emilio have written valuable and important books. *Lost Prophet* is a particularly superb accomplishment. Bayard Rustin's extraordinary voice now survives only on old tape recordings and film footage, but his life of courage and perseverance, even in the face of repeated abandonment by those closest to him, is a human achievement that will live as long as Americans choose to remember their history. ■

David Thomson Chick-Chicky-Boom

**BALL OF FIRE:
THE TUMULTUOUS LIFE AND
COMIC ART OF LUCILLE BALL**
By Stefan Kanfer
(Alfred A. Knopf, 368 pp., \$26.95)

THIS IS A WONDERFUL AND poignant book about one of life's perfect storms: the collision, the marriage, and the consequent art of Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, Anglo and Cuban, not only unlikely but very nearly illegal for their time, and surely one of the most endearing marriages in the history of American culture. Near the end of his book, in a summation of the achievement of Desilu, Stefan Kanfer cites Douglas McGrath: "A rerun of *I Love Lucy* starts, and just as the heart is closing around the title, the tears well up in my eyes because of the contrast between the triumph of love of the fictional Desi and Lucy, and the fact that they broke up in real life." I'm not sure that anyone will do better at capturing the lasting appeal of *I Love Lucy*. Truly, it is a show about the dance between romance and reality, as well as one of the best justifications for that uncanny domestic intruder known as television.

The story is taken for granted now, I

David Thomson's *THE NEW BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF FILM* was recently published by Knopf.

think: how Lucille Ball, born in Jamestown, New York in 1911, had knocked around show business (and been knocked around) for close to forty years before she suddenly burst forth in a kind of stardom that not even her desperate gaze had foreseen, and which show business itself hardly understood. Yet this wild Cuban guy, Desi, seemed to have the whole cockamamie thing already in his head, if you could ever understand more than two sentences of what he said. If nothing else, this story is the celebration of what it can be to be Cuban-American—a version of the tale somewhat different from the riot that goes on in Al Pacino's gorgeously lisping Tony Montana in *Scarface*, and in the never-to-be-forgotten brief melodrama that was Jose Canseco in the 1980s.

But notice this. Canseco was a force of nature (maybe steroids helped), a bull turned loose, and a bash brother in Oakland who dominated the white-bread Mark McGwire and had his own tabloid marriage to someone named Esther who was, like, Charo's gloomy sister. And Tony Montana is the animal turned loose in Miami, as well as a wanton Ricardo III who overwhelms the wan, WASPy Michelle Pfeiffer. I mean, these guys are all threat. But here was this Ricky Ricardo—wearing a tie, mon!—not just a business success, but an executive, who somehow had this ditzzy wife at home, and wow, was she lucky to have him to

tidy up her messes and keep her out of the asylum! And Ricky was Desi, a small, brilliant drummer with a very wicked look, a guy who sang "Babalu" and "Cuban Pete," the latter with these lyrics:

When I play the maracas
I go chick-chicky-boom
Chick-chicky-boom....
Si, Señorita, I know that you will like
the chicky-boom-chick
'Cause it's the dance of Latin
romance

There were girls aplenty in Hollywood who knew the truth of that confidence coming out of Desi's mouth. He wasn't just Cuban, dark, unintelligible, but all rhythm; he was also sexy. And this is the guy who somehow gets to be the pillar of society, the ideal family man, as well as the adoring hubby who keeps his wife's madcap ways out of electroshock treatment? Remember, this was 1951, when Lena Horne sequences got cut out of MGM films when they played the country. Put it another way: how likely do you think it would be today to have a hit sitcom in which Ving Rhames plays a successful show-business businessman and Lisa Kudrow is his half-crazy homemaker wife who can't control her dream of the limelight? I mean a mixed-race couple, married, in prime time?

It's not that Desi Arnaz alone created *I Love Lucy*. Kanfer is very good on how several people, and several ways of thinking, brought the sublime show together. Still, Desi was the president of Desilu. He made crucial decisions about the business nature of the series. And he was Ricky. He was *I*. Don't ever doubt the power of that title. It shone all the light on *Lucy* and on Lucille Ball's comic inventions, but *I* was in charge. *I* had envisaged the show. *I* was the sane member of the couple, the organizer. Lucille Ball was an extraordinary clown, who revised the timing and the dynamics of the situation comedy because she got such prolonged laughs. But Desi, he was a genius.

LUCILLE WAS CONCEIVED IN Anaconda, Montana, where her father was a telegraph lineman. Her mother went back home to Jamestown for the birth, and shortly after that the family moved to Wyandotte, near Detroit. It was there, in 1915, that her father died of typhoid fever. The bur-

ial was back in Jamestown, and Lucille was led away from the grave screaming. A few months later her mother had her second child, a boy named Frederick, who got all the attention from his mother and his grandparents. Lucille was left out. Or so she felt. By 1918, her mother married again. "Are you our new daddy?" asked a longing Lucille—and was told to call the man Ed.

Without belaboring the point, Kanfer portrays Lucille Ball as insatiably anxious and insecure, a woman whose search for a father figure would only ever find the unlikely and unholdable Desi. Then, in time, he gave her the children and the stardom for which she longed, but he never stopped his skirt-chasing, his drinking, and his general concentration on everything—or anything—except family stability.

The real Lucy was not the easiest company. There was a grating mixture of harsh realism and self-pity. It's what made her insist, "I am not funny. My writers were funny. My direction was funny. The situations were funny. But I am not funny. I am not funny. What I am is brave." That sort of line can turn oppressive after a while: courage is always best noted by others. Lucy had a way of seeing everything that ever happened as a burden made especially for her. It's not the least sign of the astuteness behind *I Love Lucy* that such scolding was kept out of the show. Not that anything ever dulled the pain or the paranoia in her eyes: the very cover of Kanfer's book, which shows Lucy in a moment of almost orgasmic, comic horror, is a valuable record of how close the eye-popping double take at domestic disaster can come to terror or madness.

She was often unlucky. In her teens she was sent to a good drama school in New York: she did vaudeville turns while other girls auditioned with Shakespeare. She was taken on—and it was hard for her mother to find the money—but then the teachers said she was hopeless. "All I learned in drama school," she would say later, "was how to be frightened." Back home, her grandfather gave Lucille's younger brother a rifle. Lucille was present when the accident occurred: a neighbor's son was shot in the back, paralyzed, and dead in six years. The bereaved parents sued her grandfather for just \$5,000, but it bankrupted the man and cast a further shadow over the family.

When she was fourteen Lucille got a

UNCOVERED: BUSH'S REAL AGENDA

**PAUL
KRUGMAN**

Op-Ed Columnist for The New York Times

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boyfriend, but he was twenty-one and the son of a local gangster. She made progress as a model—she already had a great figure, and vivid auburn hair—but she worked so hard that some mysterious illness overtook her. Was it rheumatic fever? Time and again in the future her relentless work habits clashed with her fragile or neurotic constitution. Eventually, I think, that steady impairment separated her from her own sexuality.

I WONDER HOW MUCH THAT LACK OF cheerfulness hurt her early career. For by 1940, the year she met Desi, she had been in dozens of films, for Goldwyn and RKO, often in very small parts. She is there in *Stage Door*, way down the cast list, beneath Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers, and Andrea Leeds, but at the level of Eve Arden—very noticeable, quite funny with words, and on the tough side. Later, there was an attempt to make her a musical star: she danced far better than she sang in films such as *Du Barry Was a Lady*, with Red Skelton. She was a threatened figure in a good noir, *Dark Corner*, and her big break was *Dance Girl Dance*, in which she plays the burlesque dancer and Maureen O'Hara is the gamine set on ballet.

Ball was versatile, willing, desperate even, and there is just one film in which she is unforgettable (if not quite pleasant). It is *The Big Street* (1942), taken from a Damon Runyon story, in which she plays a selfish, hypochondriac nightclub singer who is loved by a shy busboy (Henry Fonda!) and treats him like a slave during her alleged and prolonged illness. The film was a flop—there was no one in it to like—but in hindsight it seems to hold intimations of the Lucille Ball who would be regarded as a genius best avoided by other actors if they wanted a decent or calm life. It was a weird role for an actress to take, but what is really remarkable is how far Ball expands and finds herself in the film.

By then, Desi had happened. They met at RKO, and her luck turned. Desiderio Alberto Arnaz was the son of the mayor of Santiago de Cuba, a grandee who owned several ranches. Lucille had thought he must be a slum kid: wasn't he Cuban? The first time they met she wore a fake black eye (for a scene), and he decided she was a whore lately beaten up by her pimp. Thus empires are made. Desi was actually a refugee from the Batista regime, as well as a drummer, a

singer, a bandleader, and a womanizer. He was six years younger than Lucille.

He rescued her. In 1946, MGM had terminated Ball's contract. After a brief surge in attendance after the war, the picture business fell on hard times. Lucille got ill, and she developed a stammer that ruined her line readings. She seemed helpless with Desi, while his affairs were famous. The gossip columnist Louella Parsons said that Ball wore a bracelet that read, "My name is Lucille Ball. If lost, return me to my master, Desi Arnaz." She had miscarriages. She was getting older. As if to signal that decline, she was offered a radio show called *My Favorite Husband*, in which she partnered a B-movie actor named Richard Denning. The show had a writer named Jess Oppenheimer.

Funnily enough at the time, Lucille had suggested Desi for the part of the husband. People laughed in derision. How could Desi do a typical American spouse? But as the radio show progressed, Oppenheimer saw a way to make the wife more scatterbrained, closer to the comic imp in Ball that had not really been discovered before. At the same time, Desilu (they had become a company) went on a vaudeville tour—slapstick and situations—that proved unexpectedly popular. So Oppenheimer and his associate Don Sharpe got the idea of taking *My Favorite Husband* to the new medium of television. But it was Lucy and Desi who paid personally for the pilot and resolved to own the show.

WHEN *I LOVE LUCY* BEGAN, in the 1951–1952 season, only about eight million American homes had a television set. But Desi had seen the future somehow. As executive producer of the show, he guaranteed to deliver it to CBS at \$26,000 an episode. He also insisted on shooting the show on film with three cameras. So much of early television died as it was transmitted, surviving only as very poor kinescopes, filmed off the television cameras. Desi also decided on the live audience. Plus he was Ricky, the other half of the show. The rest you know, because those shows still play. But their amazing durability is owed entirely to Desi's intuition about film.

The series opened on October 15, 1951, produced by Oppenheimer, and mostly written by Madelyn Pugh and Bob Carroll Jr. The photography was in the hands of Karl Freund, which was an

other sign of the times: Freund was a master from UFA who had shot Murnau's *The Last Laugh* and some of Lang's *Metropolis* before going to Hollywood. There he shot the Bela Lugosi *Dracula*, Garbo's *Camille*, and John Huston's *Key Largo*. Then the expert on shadow helped to invent the radiant, if not glaring, high-key lighting of television sitcoms and the self-assured 1950s.

Of course, there was more to the show than clever situations, good dialogue, and Lucy's visual set pieces. There were the Mertzes, Ethel and Fred (Vivian Vance and William Frawley), older, stabler, and so conservative as to bestow a certain social acceptance on the Ricardos. If crusty Fred Mertz could take them, so could the audience. Don't think that such problems are academic or the fruit of hindsight. Ricky Ricardo was dynamite slipped under the door, and those were very sensitive times. A year into the show Lucy came under scrutiny as a Communist: to please her grandfather, she said, she had registered that allegiance in 1936. There was a campaign against her. The sponsor, Philip Morris, was warned to drop her. Desi just laughed and said the only thing red about his wife was her hair, and that was fake, too. And so it was: Desi had told her to go red and picked the color himself. It was called Tango Red.

So the series was forever pledged to cross-purposes: Ricky believing the show was just a business, with Lucy dazzled by the show. But that in itself was interesting as a concept. I'm not sure that Desi ever thought this through, but by the early '50s the empire of film was rapidly giving way to the new age of television. Stardom suddenly took on a domestic footing. And we commenced upon a strange puzzle in which every day or every week "friends" on television are the new stars—as remote as Garbo, maybe even better paid, but apparently without the old luster and the distancing glamour. The television world looked harsh, slapdash, small, grainy; indeed, it resembled the one genre that American television has so steadily avoided or denied, the documentary.

There were paradoxes everywhere. Lucy Ricardo was so insanely eager to be on television—but *Lucy* was on television every Monday at nine. Ricky could not possibly be Lucy's husband—but he was; the world knew it. And the public held the marriage in two strands, never fixed to meet, the fictional bliss and the real tumult. For the more famous

The "Right of Return"

Is it a valid demand, and how would it affect Middle-East peace?

Three years ago, President Clinton and Ehud Barak, then Prime Minister of Israel, made every effort to achieve final peace between Jews and Arabs. They offered the "Palestinians" 97 per cent of the "West Bank" and Gaza, the eastern part of Jerusalem as their capital, and \$30 billion in refugee compensation. But Yasser Arafat did not accept this overly generous offer. He insisted on the "right of return," flooding Israel with as many as five million so-called "refugees." When this outrageous demand was not granted, he broke off negotiations and started his bloody intifada, the war against Israel, which by now has killed about 2,000 people on both sides and has left many thousands more wounded, many of them crippled for life.

What are the facts?

Who are the so-called "refugees?" On the very day that Israel declared its independence, five Arab states invaded the nascent Jewish state. In fiery broadcasts and confident of victory, their leaders urged the Arabs to flee the war zone, so as not to impede the invading armies. Once victory was achieved and after all the Jews had been killed or had fled, the Arabs could return, reclaim their property and loot that of the Jews.

Things didn't turn out that way. About 600,000 Arabs followed the call of their leaders and became refugees. About 200,000 accepted the promises of the Israeli authorities that they would not be harmed and that they would become citizens of the new state, with the same rights as the Jews. Hardly any of the original refugees are still alive. But those who claim to be their descendants (who astonishingly number as many as five million), clamor to "return" to Israel. With the single exception of Jordan, none of their Arab brethren have allowed them to settle in their countries and to become citizens. They have confined them to squalid refugee camps, supported by UNWRA (a dependency of the U.N. and financed mostly by the USA). Those refugee camps are seething hotbeds of hatred against Israel and are the sources for terrorists and suicide bombers.

Is the Palestinian "refugee" problem unique? Migrations of populations are nothing new in world history, especially after major wars. About 15 million Germans were (often brutally)

expelled from what became western Poland, from what used to be East Prussia and from the Sudetenland. Millions of Muslims and Hindus, following bloody battles, migrated to India and to what became Pakistan. Other major migrations following the World Wars were those of the French from Algeria, Armenians, Turks, Greeks, Cypriots, Kurds and others. It is only the "Palestinians" who insist on being "repatriated." But more to the point, Israel

has absorbed over 600,000 Jews who were expelled from Arab countries and millions of others from all over the world. All of them are productive citizens of their new country.

Since the founding of Israel in 1948, the Arabs have waged unrelenting wars to defeat the Jewish state, but they

have been unable to do so by military means. The destruction of Israel, however, remains a cornerstone of the PLO charter, which has never been rescinded. What the Arabs have failed to achieve by force of arms they are now determined to accomplish demographically, by flooding Israel with millions of "Palestinians."

The "right of return" is the one concession that Israel can never grant and can never accept. The world must not forget that Israel was founded for one purpose only, namely to be the home of the Jewish people. Even today, more than twenty per cent of the population of Israel are Arabs, almost all of them hostile and a potential fifth column. Even if only a fraction of those who claim the "right of return" were indeed to come to Israel, the country would be swamped by Arabs, and Israel would cease to exist as a Jewish state.

"Peace will never come about as long as the Arabs insist on the 'right of return'—a 'right' that can never and will never be granted."

According to the U.N., only those who "owing to a well-founded fear of being persecuted in their home countries..." are considered "refugees." For instance, the Cubans who fled Castro are considered refugees, but their children and grandchildren living in Miami are not. Only the "Palestinians" have been granted special status by the U.N., by which all of their descendants, for generations to come, are considered "refugees." The purpose of this special status is to assist in the destruction of Israel. Israel is prepared to pay huge amounts in (unwarranted) compensation to those "refugees." But under no circumstances will it ever or should it ever accept the "right of return." What that would accomplish in one stroke would be the destruction of Israel as a Jewish state. Israel will never allow that to happen and the world should not request it either. The problem has to be solved by settling the "refugees" in any or all of the 22 Arab countries. Peace will never come about as long as the Arabs insist on the "right of return"—a "right" that can never and will never be granted.

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Desilu became, the more press commentary there was on how at odds man and wife really were. And lo and behold, when Ricky and Lucy got pregnant, so did Desilu—it was even the same child, Desi Jr., born in life and on the show at the same time, a moment in the history of reality television as important as Joseph Welch wondering if Senator McCarthy had any decency.

CBS, including Bill Paley, feared the order of miscegenation. But it was soon reported that one-fifth of the American population watched the show. Lucy appeared on the cover of *Time*. When Ricky Jr./Desi Jr. was born, forty-four million people watched. For three years *I Love Lucy* was the number-one show. Though Desi and Lucy drew a salary of only \$35,000 each, by the end of 1953 Desilu grossed \$6 million. MGM saw a chance to capitalize on the couple, and it tossed off a flimsy film, *The Long, Long Trailer*, which grossed \$4.5 million, far more than any Lucille Ball picture. And Desilu became, under Desi, a television studio: it did 229 half-hour shows in 1954.

THE COUPLE MOVED FROM THE San Fernando Valley to Beverly Hills. It wasn't easy. The children, Lucie and Desi Jr., hardly saw their parents. Lucy found that doing television was physically more difficult than doing movies, and she often cracked. Desi got furious at being called Mr. Ball, and he split his time between running the studio and running women to ground. He started drinking more heavily. Lucy became a chronic chain-smoker. Oppenheimer left. Freund left. And the ideas began to be more forced, or harder to conjure up. *I Love Lucy* lasted ten years, with thirty-nine episodes a year. That is the equivalent of about one hundred movies.

But in 1955, with a loan from the Bank of America, Desilu bought RKO from Howard Hughes for \$6.15 million. The company generated more and more television shows, including *Wyatt Earp*, *The Untouchables*, *Mission: Impossible*, and *Star Trek*. With twenty-six soundstages and a back lot of forty-three acres, it was bigger than the biggest studios of the golden age. In 1958, Desilu went public, and both partners cleared \$2.5 million each. Lucy kept hers, but Desi had only \$100,000 left after he paid his debts.

He was brilliant and footloose; she was maudlin, unwell, and grouchy. They

fought all the time. She called him a drunk, a cheat, and a spic. There was a merciful divorce. Then, in 1962, Desi decided to quit the company. She bought him out for \$3 million. In 1967, Gulf & Western bought Desilu for \$17 million. \$10 million went to Lucille Ball. You will not be astonished to hear that this was sackcloth and ashes to her.

She married again, to Gary Morton, an amiable and loyal lightweight, who escaped her tantrums with endless golf. She did more television, of course—*The Lucy Show* (begun in 1962), *Here's Lucy* (1968), and even *Life with Lucy* (1986). There were more movies, dull at best, but sometimes crippling bad, as with *Mame* (1974). She was often ill. She was a fury to work with—Kanter gives a very funny account of the increasing distaste of Richard Burton on one episode. Her children were troubled (Desi Jr.) or estranged (Lucie). She was hailed, revered, beloved, and given every award in the world. Nothing went half an inch to soothe her. Desi died in 1986, a wreck. She went three years later. But they are married still, and always. Or as long as syndication means anything.

Stefan Kanfer pulls no punches over Lucy the pain in the neck, but he gives a superb picture of how she and Desi changed television. *I Love Lucy* shifted the basis of production from New York to Los Angeles, and so it brought a second life to many Hollywood technicians. It forged a fascinating link with vaudeville in its reliance on a live audience. And what did it do, in the 1950s, to family

life, to gender politics, to race? I said that Desi was dynamite under the door, but that explosion never went off. The real big bang of sitcoms—that people of different races can fuck without panic in the streets—is still awaited. Nor did the show really promote feminism. Indeed, Lucy is a model for female folly and helplessness, with Ricky hugging her tears away. That was their chief way of touching. One hot kiss and the show might have been over.

Ball was ready to smother her own sexuality. I know what Susan Stamberg meant when she remarked about Lucy, "I didn't like what she did to get what she wanted." My own wife is named Lucy, born in the great years of the show, and she grew up very uneasy with thoughts that she might be confused with Lucy Ricardo. John Waters has said that he saw Lucille Ball—especially in old age, under the red wig, with the savage makeup—like a female impersonator. At the very least, *I Love Lucy* is a sad decline from the adult, independent, witty women—Hepburn, Colbert, Stanwyck, Rosalind Russell, Irene Dunne—that we find in the best comedies of the 1930s and early 1940s.

So, yes, the show released a frantic comic energy that its heroine had hardly understood before it. And many routines are still funny. But there really is something wounded or mad about Lucille Ball, and it is unnerving to behold now. Whereas, if you want to study a brave adventurer and a brilliant businessman, well, chick-chicky-boom! ■

John Zilcosky Lost in America

AMERIKA

(THE MAN WHO DISAPPEARED)

By Franz Kafka

Translated by Michael Hofmann

(New Directions, 218 pp., \$23.95)

FRANZ KAFKA NEVER WENT TO America, so it is fitting that the book he called his "American novel" was the last one to appear on these shores. Although he wrote *The Man Who Disappeared* (it was named *Amerika* by Max

Brod, his friend and literary executor) before his other great novel fragments, it was the last of his works to be published in Germany, and it is his least-read and -discussed novel. Taking place in a recognizable world (the United States) and written in a sometimes playful tone, *The Man Who Disappeared* has generally been regarded as un-Kafkaesque, and thus as inferior to the more metaphysical *The Trial* and *The Castle*. The book was written between 1911 and 1914, and critics have attributed it to Kafka's imma-

ture phase, to a “young Kafka” apparently so different from the mature one that Borges once declared that the two were essentially separate writers.

There is indeed little of the stereotypically Kafkaesque—the bureaucratic labyrinths, the paranoid claustrophobia, the legal double binds—in this expansive story of American exile, but precisely this idiosyncrasy makes it, in the words of its first English co-translator, Edwin Muir, “the most purely delightful of Kafka’s books.” The novel pleases with its wide-ranging picaresque motion, its droll vagabondry, its slapstick humor. Here is the Kafka who loved silent movies, including Chaplin; the Kafka who appealed to Fellini. (Shot through with carnivalesque elements—the comic tyrannical diva, the absurd luxury hotel, the fabulous “nature theater”—it was Kafka’s America novel that inspired Fellini’s *Intervista*, especially its extravagant brothel scene.) Even Kafka seemed to agree that *The Man Who Disappeared* belonged to a category of its own: its protagonist, Karl Rossmann, was “innocent,” he once remarked, whereas Josef K. was “guilty.”

BUT THIS WORK IS REDEEMED by more than just the naïve carnivalesque. Michael Hofmann’s new translation makes abundantly clear that it prefigures the later novels’ eeriness as well as their black humor. The book also sets the stage for Kafka’s lifelong interest in exile and punishment. In fact, as the critic Wolfgang Iahn has demonstrated, *The Man Who Disappeared* repeats a basic cycle of banishment, disorientation, and rebanishment, going full circle twice in the opening six chapters. The first rotation features Karl’s exile from his parents’ home in Europe, his rescue by his uncle in America, and his subsequent expulsion by his uncle. The following series recapitulates the same plot: banished by his uncle, Karl finds his place both personally and professionally in the Hotel Occidental, only to be fired and evicted. Although Kafka did not finish the ensuing sections, we can discern two possible additional cycles: Karl locates a refuge and a job (as Brunelda’s servant), only

to lose these and start wandering again, in the last extant fragment, toward the “theater” in Oklahoma. In the unwritten “Oklahoma” chapter Karl would presumably again acquire a home and an occupation (as an engineer), only, if the pattern holds, to have these taken from him.

Kafka’s first sentence begins both this sequence of banishments and the fascination with exile and punishment that will carry over into his later work:

As the seventeen-year-old Karl Rossmann, who had been sent to America by his unfortunate parents because a maid had seduced him and had a child by him, sailed slowly into the New York harbor, he suddenly saw the Statue of Liberty, which had already been in view for some time, as though in an intenser sunlight.

Punished because he has been coerced by an older woman into having sexual intercourse, Karl anticipates both *The Trial*’s Josef K., who is arrested one morning without apparently “having done anything wrong,” and the prisoner from “In the Penal Colony,” who is sentenced to death after failing to salute his superior in the middle of night. An exile in a strange and intimidating world, Karl also foreshadows K. from *The Castle* and Kafka’s traveler unto death, the hunter Gracchus.

THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF HOFMANN’S translation is that it emphasizes the dark side of Kafka’s novel, which remained latent in Edwin and Willa Muir’s more cheerful version. But this battle of translations is actually a battle of originals. The publication history of this work was complicated and unhappy. Despite Kafka’s plea to have all his work burned after his death, Brod published all three of Kafka’s novels posthumously (*The Trial* in 1925, *The Castle* in 1926, *Amerika* in 1927). Since Brod understandably wanted to introduce this virtually unknown author to a wider audience, he attempted—as he wrote in his afterword to *The Trial*—to reduce the unfinished novels’ fragmentary aspects. Brod therefore included only “complete” chapters in the novels’ main texts. He also expanded various contractions, corrected punctuation, and amended hundreds of “obvious” slips of the pen.

Brod and, later, his companion and

heiress Ilse Ester Hoffe kept the manuscripts in their private archive until the 1960s (in the case of *The Trial*, until 1988!), and so an international team of scholars could only begin assembling them into critical editions in the late 1970s. The corrected texts of *The Castle* and *The Man Who Disappeared* appeared in 1982 and 1983, respectively, and the corrected text of *The Trial* in 1990. These versions removed most of Brod’s interventions, including his numerous deletions of Kafka’s Austrian-Prague orthography and diction in favor of standardized High German. In these critical editions (which are now being outstripped by facsimile versions), we have a more provincial, more fragmentary Kafka: Kafka with quirky regional spellings, Kafka with jagged syntax and irregular punctuation—Kafka unplugged.

Of the three restored novels, *The Man Who Disappeared*—its title in German is *Der Verschollene*—brings the most important changes. Whereas most of the revisions to *The Trial* and *The Castle* were matters of detail, the new *Der Verschollene* included the substantive addition of two previously unpublished segments: the section beginning with “‘Up! Up!’ cried Robinson” and the fragment called “Brunelda’s Departure.” The restored version further provided a new title—*Der Verschollene* instead of *Amerika*—as well as a new ending, and also thousands of small changes, including ones as significant as Karl’s age, as announced in the novel’s first sentence. (In Brod’s version he was sixteen.) Thus, for English readers, Hofmann’s translation—based on this restored edition—is invaluable. Of all the recent re-translations of Kafka into English, this volume is the most noteworthy.

THE SUBSTANTIVE CHANGES TO *The Man Who Disappeared* require us—far more urgently than in the case of either *The Trial* or *The Castle*—to read the novel anew, starting with the title. Although Brod chose *Amerika*, Kafka referred to this novel in writing only as *Der Verschollene*, which signifies a male person who is one or any combination of the following: forgotten, not heard of again, lost, missing, presumed dead. Hofmann settles on the relatively neutral *The Man Who Disappeared*, but critics have generally preferred the more forensic *The Missing Person* or the more poetic *The Boy Who*

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Sank out of Sight. Considering the word's etymology—from *verschallen*, which means, as in the Austrian *schallen*, to stop ringing or sounding—the most accurate rendering might be *The Man Who Was Never Heard From Again*.

But whatever translation of the title we prefer, it is vital to note, as Hofmann does in his introduction, that Kafka's title names neither the protagonist nor the country that he visits. Instead Kafka purposely supplants the name of his hero and the place with an individual vanishing point. From the title page onward, then, Kafka's novel identifies the disappearance of the main character as its theme. *Der Verschollene* may draw on the picaresque tradition, as the Brod/Muir version emphasizes; but it also tells the story of that narrative's subversion.

Fitting for a novel about the loss of the self, *The Man Who Disappeared* is also about losing one's way. Already in the opening scene, Kafka emphasizes Karl's figurative lostness, his expulsion from his childhood home, by making it literal: Karl loses his way. He forgets his umbrella in the ship that brought him to New York and thus must return below deck to search for it. To call attention to the inseparability of Karl's topographical and spiritual lostness, Kafka uses the reflexive verb *sich verirren*, which connotes both physical and metaphysical disorientation and is rendered by Hofmann as "getting lost": Karl made his way "through numerous little rooms, along continually curving passages and down tiny flights of stairs, one after the other, and through an empty room with an abandoned desk in it until, eventually ... he found that he was totally and utterly lost."

As if handing his calling card to the ship's stoker, who is his first acquaintance in America, Karl begins by telling him, "I've lost my way." He soon discovers that he has lost more than just his way; he has also misplaced his suitcase, which serves as a metaphor for his entire personal history—it contains everything he owns, including his sole photograph of his parents: "I don't think the suitcase is lost yet"; the "expensive suitcase might already be lost in earnest"; "if he had indeed already lost his suitcase"; "I'm afraid I may have lost my suitcase." These losses begin to define Karl as a truly lost man. Still without stating his name, Karl repeats to the stoker the predicament that has become the essential experience of his brief narrative life:

"And now I've gone and gotten completely lost." Like his literary descendant in Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*, Karl does not know who he is because he does not know where he is.

HOFMANN'S TRANSLATION ACCURATELY relays the peculiarities of syntax and structure that, in the restored version, emphasize Karl's sense of disorientation and transfer it onto the reader, replacing the Muirs' elegant, drawing-room style with a swifter, bumpier version closer to the original. To further capture the novel's unpolished feel, Hofmann deletes many paragraph breaks, restoring a sense of breathless confusion. In the above-cited scene about getting lost, Hofmann returns us to Kafka's original five-page-long paragraph, which was broken up by Brod/Muir into four separate segments. Hofmann also removes the last couple of chapter numbers and titles, which Brod had added. The result is a more fluid text, in which sentences unbroken by paragraphs and paragraphs unbroken by chapters rush into one another. Appropriately for Kafka's stated desire to depict the "most modern" New York, Hofmann's version takes Kafka out of the Muirs' sitting room and back on the road.

This stylistic strategy works in tandem with the restoration of factual discrepancies to create a thoroughly bewildering New World. In Kafka's America, San Francisco is in the East; and the Brooklyn Bridge leads from Manhattan to Boston; and "pounds" and "schillings" serve as currency; and the floor numbers at the Hotel Occidental don't add up; and an old house in the country contains an enormous marble chapel. Brod viewed many of these strange details merely as mistakes, and so does Hofmann in his introduction, even if he follows the restored version and re-inserts them. But how can we be certain that these are errors? Might Kafka deliberately have placed San Francisco in the East? This seems likely when one considers the purposely inaccurate nature of Kafka's America, from the first paragraph onward: his Statue of Liberty holds a sword. In an early and rarely read treatise on "apperception," written in 1904, Kafka suggests that he was interested specifically in a modern aesthetics of disorientation: he maintains that perception is "not a condition but rather a movement," and that our attempts to perceive the world

resemble those of lost travelers trying to find their way but without any "sense of place whatsoever." His America, then, is a modern symbol for getting lost, a map filled with signposts pointing in contradictory directions.

CRITICS HAVE OFTEN VIEWED *The Man Who Disappeared* as an anti-Bildungsroman, but this latest version, chock-full of "errors," demonstrates just how seriously Kafka's novel undermines this tradition. Unlike David Copperfield's England (Dickens was one of Kafka's models), there is no objective "America" for Karl to get to know. As befits a country in which maps shift and place names change, the protagonist does not learn more as he matures; rather, he seems (in direct opposition to Copperfield) to remember less. Karl forgets—or represses—most of his past, thereby repeating the same crucial mistakes throughout the novel. With Karl's non-progressive, amnesiac character in mind, it is fitting—more than a slip of the pen!—that Karl should get younger in the course of the narrative. Midway through the book he claims to be fifteen years old, two years younger than in the first sentence.

So this is not at all a Bildungsroman. It is a non-progressive novel of disorientation—a provocatively modern thing. This is especially evident in the two restored segments near the end ("Up, Up!" cried Robinson" and "Brunelda's Departure"), where English readers can finally see what happens after Karl dozes off on the balcony of the cruel diva Brunelda, at the end of the seventh section. Giving up on his plan to escape from Brunelda, Karl instead stays on as her servant, even after she begins working in the sleazy "Enterprise No. 25." At this point, the new section breaks off in mid-sentence ("She ..."), but it at least gives us a sense of the nature of Karl's "last jobs"—at which he later claims to have been given the nickname "Negro."

As important as anything else, then, Hofmann's new version emphasizes Karl's social disorientation in America. He descends even further down the social ladder: from trust-fund nephew to elevator boy to servant for a diva to brothel assistant nicknamed Negro. As Brunelda remarks, Karl has, in the end, "forgotten where he is"; again, not knowing where he is combines with not knowing who he is. The nameless Karl identifies with America's oppressed mi-

nority and begins to lose himself—becomes a missing person—within the criminal underclass.

This brings us to the finale, whose restoration furthers this call for a new interpretation that emphasizes Karl's social and political disorientation. Whereas Brod's optimism led him to cut short the 1927 version after "Such a carefree journey in America they had never known," the restored version (accurately rendered by Hofmann) continues along to the more threatening point where Kafka actually stopped: "the chill breath of them made their faces shudder." This ominous mood looming over Karl's final train ride hints at the connections between Kafka's fantastic America and the real America of social and racial inequality, which Kafka knew about from reading contemporary travelogues that were critical of America. In this regard, the new ending helps resolve two of the novel's long-standing mysteries: why does Karl, when signing up for the theater in Oklahoma, announce that "Negro" is his real name? And why does Kafka choose Oklahoma (and not, say, Mississippi) as the site for this apparently utopian theater?

As Kafka likely knew, early-twentieth-century Oklahoma represented the hopes and the disillusionments of African Americans *in nuce*. It appeared to be a "promised land": with a sizable black land-owning class, Oklahoma had roughly forty-five African American municipalities—considerably more than any other state—and a famous and thriving "Negro Wall Street" in Tulsa; but it also had a pronounced history of racism and unpunished lynchings, as registered in Arthur Holitscher's travelogue *America: Today and Tomorrow* (1911), from which Kafka drew heavily and likely got his idea to send a "Negro" toward Oklahoma. Holitscher dedicated a whole chapter to the appalling treatment of blacks in the United States, and he incorporated a photograph of a lynched African American hanging from a tree. Beneath this image is Holitscher's ironic subtitle, "An Idyll in Oklahoma." "Oklahoma" is misspelled here precisely as in Kafka's narrative (although Hofmann standardizes the spelling in his translation), suggesting that Kafka lifted it straight from Holitscher. Holitscher's "idyll" becomes a portent of the historical devastation of the Oklahoman Promised Land ten years later. One night in May 1921, three

O heartless—

deliver me slant
I am tired of folded hands

of the dead sea lion
and the garbage dump

my pillar and post

tired of words stunted
and dry

You who are tireless,
brute,

deliver the sea lion rotting
to the dump's cascading swell

(and ask no more of me)

GERI DORAN

years before Kafka died, a white mob murdered almost three hundred African Americans and burned down Tulsa's flourishing black district. It was America's most lethal civil disturbance of the century.

With the picture of the lynched black man, "Negro's" voyage to "Oklahoma" at the close of *The Man Who Disappeared* loses the celestial glow it had at the end of the first Brod edition. This journey becomes an omen of death. It is significant that Holitscher, a German Jew and a socialist, accentuates the historical bond between African Americans and European Jews: both, he observes, were compelled to leave their homelands and to be physically and spiritually displaced for centuries. Although Karl is not said to be Jewish, it is likely that Kafka envisaged a symbolic link between "Negro" and the mythical figure of the wandering Jew, a contemporary version of which he had just met in Prague in the person of Yitzhak Löwy, the itinerant Yiddish actor. If such conjectures possess any validity, then "Negro's" final voyage becomes doubly menacing. It invokes a journey to a lynching and also a train voyage for refugees traveling without baggage, amid extraordinary bureaucratic meticulousness, toward a sinister destination. "Negro's" last journey is thus twice shrouded in allusions to ethnic violence. With this in mind, another plausible translation of

the title becomes relevant: *Presumed Dead*.

THE STYLE AND THE SUBSTANCE of Hofmann's new translation offer us a vision of America closer to Kafka's own. Hofmann has the great advantage over the Muirs of working with the restored edition, but his translation is superior and more genuinely Kafkaesque also in passages where he and the Muirs were using the same German text. Consider again the novel's opening sentence. The Muirs render it: "Karl Rossmann, a poor boy of sixteen who had been packed off to America by his parents because a servant girl had seduced him..." Hofmann, as cited above, correctly names the parents, not Karl, as the "unfortunate" ones—thus capturing the ironic commentary on the injustice of Karl's fate. Moreover, Hofmann admirably resists the temptation to use American slang, preferring instead—and here he is in line with the Muirs—fittingly alienating Britishisms. In an America where one pays in pounds and schillings, why shouldn't people ride "lifts" instead of elevators? But he does not take this too far by drawing undue attention to his archaisms: for the Muirs, Karl's *Koffer* is his "box," for Hofmann it is a fittingly neutral "suitcase"; for the Muirs, this suitcase is "dear," in Hofmann's version it is "expensive."

As with any translation, there are annoyances. Why does Hofmann follow Kafka's orthographic peculiarities only partway? Why does he write "New York" instead of Kafka's "Newyork"? And why does he capitalize the name of the bizarre hotel in which Karl works the elevators? (In the original it is the Hotel occidental.) Wouldn't readers better grasp the exoticism of Oklahoma for a fin-de-siècle Prager if Hofmann had left "Oklahoma" misspelled, as Kafka and Holitscher did? In an America where the Statue of Liberty holds a sword, surely we must be prepared for realism to blur, straight-faced, with the bizarre. Still, Hofmann's translation generally conveys the weirdness and the brutality of *The Man Who Disappeared*, even if his introduction somewhat contradicts the principles of his translation. It achieves what translations are supposedly unable to do: it is at once "loyal" and "beautiful," if only beautiful in the sense that Kafka's America was meant to be—beautifully disorienting, beautifully confusing, beautifully cruel. ■

TEL AVIV DIARIST

Impossible Routine

ICAME TO THIS BEAUTIFUL, TORTURED land because my friend Leon Botstein was conducting the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, freshly taken out of bankruptcy, in a performance of the Dvorak *Requiem* at the amphitheater on Mount Scopus in Jerusalem. It was the night of September 11, a commemoration of the murdered men and women exactly two years ago. A nearly full moon rose over the desert, framed by two shafts of light recalling the Twin Towers, as the orchestra and chorus, composed mainly of Jews, performed a Christian mass in memory of the 3,000 extinguished souls of all religions, including, of course, innocent Muslims. Dvorak's great mass is not often performed, but it is a reflective and thrilling piece, calling to mind that the requiem is a plea for peace for the dead and, on this night and in this country, also for the living. The dead have haunted this place for decades. On my drive up to Mount Scopus, past an Arab neighborhood now abutting Jewish ones, I recalled that, on this very road in the spring of 1948, 77 doctors, nurses, professors, and students were going up to the then cut-off campus of the Hebrew University. There, they were massacred one by one, while a British garrison waited nearby for the bloody deed to be completed.

THE KILLING CONTINUES—AND WITH the same savagery. On my way here, I had just stepped onto an El Al flight to Ben Gurion Airport when a friend called from London to tell me there had been a bombing outside Tel Aviv (eight people dead). When I landed, I picked up a newspaper: a second bombing, this one in Jerusalem, in the kind of smart café where you and your hip children take your daily macchiato. (Seven people dead, including a legendary emergency room doctor and his daughter on the day before she was to be married.)

I DIDN'T TRAVEL ALL THE WAY AROUND the world to deride Thomas Friedman. I can do that at home. But it was here that I read a column datelined Tel Aviv, published in *The New York Times* on Sep-

tember 11, in which he observed, "Suicide bombing is becoming so routine here that it risks becoming embedded in contemporary culture." It is important to understand why such a sentence is so silly. Yes, the Israelis have been living with their own Al Qaeda-like enormities once or twice a week now for more than two years—and only a little more sporadically before that, which is really ever since Yasir Arafat and his henchmen took over the Palestinian movement nearly 40 years ago. And, yes, Israelis are remarkably resilient. Ultra-Orthodox volunteers, acting in accordance with Jewish law, painstakingly pick up the severed limbs and shreds of skin scattered on the sidewalks. The survivors pick up their lives and move on.

BUT ALL THIS DOES NOT MEAN THAT the massacres are becoming routine for Israelis. They may be commonplace for the monstrous organizations that plan and perpetrate them, but for Israelis every bomb feels almost like the first bomb. Israelis are being murdered, but they are not being deadened. And, if suicide-bombing risks becoming embedded in contemporary culture, it is the culture of one people, not two. What is routine among the Arabs of Palestine is the joy that more Jewish blood has been shed, that their revenge has once again been visited on a liberal society that is not entirely indifferent to moral thinking about its deadly enemies. (Even the reviled settler movement doesn't go around killing Arabs.) You can see it in photographs on the telltale faces of Palestinian children, ecstatic over the deaths visited by Hamas twice in one day. There is no cultural prestige to killing Palestinians among the Israelis. But the cultural prestige of killing Jews suffuses the culture of the Palestinians. Recall for a moment the lynching of two Israeli soldiers gone astray into Ramallah early in the intifada. They were taken to the police station, and there they were lynched by policemen—one of whom placed his bloodied palms on the windows—and the mob below cheered. It is through such mobs that Palestinian political culture now speaks, and routinely.

FRIEDMAN WRITES, "I WAS IN A TRENDY Tel Aviv sandwich shop the other day and my young Israeli waitress had a fun little tattoo on her shoulders. Jews with tattoos—you don't see that every day." Actually, tattoos are probably on their way out. The rage in Tel Aviv is body piercing—an odd practice for a nation picking up body parts, or maybe not so odd. Body piercing is not exactly a great cultural achievement, but in this punished place it is certainly a triumph of normality. These Israeli youngsters are ready to fight for their country not only because they are Jews, but also because, in their country, they can read and say and pierce what they want. But the state of Palestine, which Friedman craves (and I myself support), is not likely to let any of these flowers bloom; it will not look kindly upon women's rights and gay rights and political dissidents. Crimes of honor, by contrast, may be indulged: Look at any Arab country and tell me different.

AFTER SEPTEMBER 11, 2001, FRIEDMAN was among those sane enough to grasp that U.S. policy toward Israel was not the decisive factor in Al Qaeda's war against the United States. But he now seems to think otherwise. He believes that, unless the United States pulls off a peace agreement in the area, our country will be facing the same terrorism that Israel faces. "A credible peace deal here," he writes, "is no longer a U.S. luxury—it is essential to our own homeland security. Otherwise, this suicide madness will spread, and it will be Americans who will have to learn to live with it." Is Friedman blaming the Jews? If so, among reputable people, this is a distinction he shares with no one.

SINCE ISRAEL'S SOCIETY IS STRONG AND resilient, "what better time for Israel to try something new?" But remember that Ehud Barak tried exactly these new initiatives and was rewarded with a macabre intifada. And, besides, would the United States—it too, after all, is culturally strong—ever respond to terrorism with new peace initiatives? When terrorism hits us, we instinctively understand that it cannot be bargained with, talked to, or appeased. We know that to do so represents, in some deep way, an affront to the dead and those who survive them. Why, two years and countless suicide bombings after September 11, 2001, is it so hard to understand that Israelis feel the same way?

MARTIN PERETZ

Dynamic Economy

David R. Henderson is a research fellow at the Hoover Institution.

The decline in manufacturing employment is a sign of a U.S. economic decline. That is understandable, but a closer look shows that the loss of manufacturing jobs is a sign of economic health.

Here are the facts. In July of this year, 14.6 million Americans were employed in manufacturing. This is a 17 percent decline from the peak of 17.6 million in March 1998. But over that same period, manufacturing output actually grew slightly, even with a recession in between. How could that be? Simple. Productivity in manufacturing—output per worker—grew substantially. In other words, we are making more goods with fewer workers.

Isn't manufacturing falling as a share of gross domestic product (GDP)? Yes. And, as my Hoover colleague Robert Hall pointed out in recent congressional testimony, it has been falling fairly steadily since 1947. The reason is that the tremendous productivity growth in manufacturing has caused prices of manufactured goods to fall relative to prices of health care, education, and other services. So even though manufacturing output has risen, GDP accounts value this output at market prices, which have been falling. You are not worse off because you can buy two televisions for the same amount (inflation adjusted), that you would have paid for one lower-quality television twenty years ago. You are better off. In fact, the declining prices of manufactured goods are one of the main reasons per capita income and wealth have grown so much since World War II.

One consequence of increased productivity, of course, is loss of manufacturing jobs. That is a hardship for workers who were previously employed in manufacturing. But they find work elsewhere. In other words, they produce other goods or services that help increase our standard of living. The only way to prevent the loss of manufacturing jobs is to impose draconian restrictions that bind workers to manufacturing and make productivity growth illegal. Besides reducing our freedom, such restrictions would also freeze our standard of living. **The history of economic growth is the history of people making more with less and shifting into new jobs that were unheard of in the previous generation.** Because Henry Ford produced millions of cars on assembly lines, workers producing buggies lost their jobs. And, ten years later, most of them were probably glad they did.

Of course, some of the job loss is due to the fact that we buy goods from China and other low-wage countries. But that is just another way of saying that we have better uses for our labor here. If you take your clothes to a dry cleaner, you "lose the job" of cleaning your clothes at home. And you'll take that loss every day—the time you free up is better used in leisure activities or in working more. Similarly, we are better off buying mass-produced, low-wage goods from China and producing high-end services and intellectual property here in the United States.

The decline in manufacturing jobs, whether due to higher productivity or freer trade, is a boon to Americans.

— David R. Henderson

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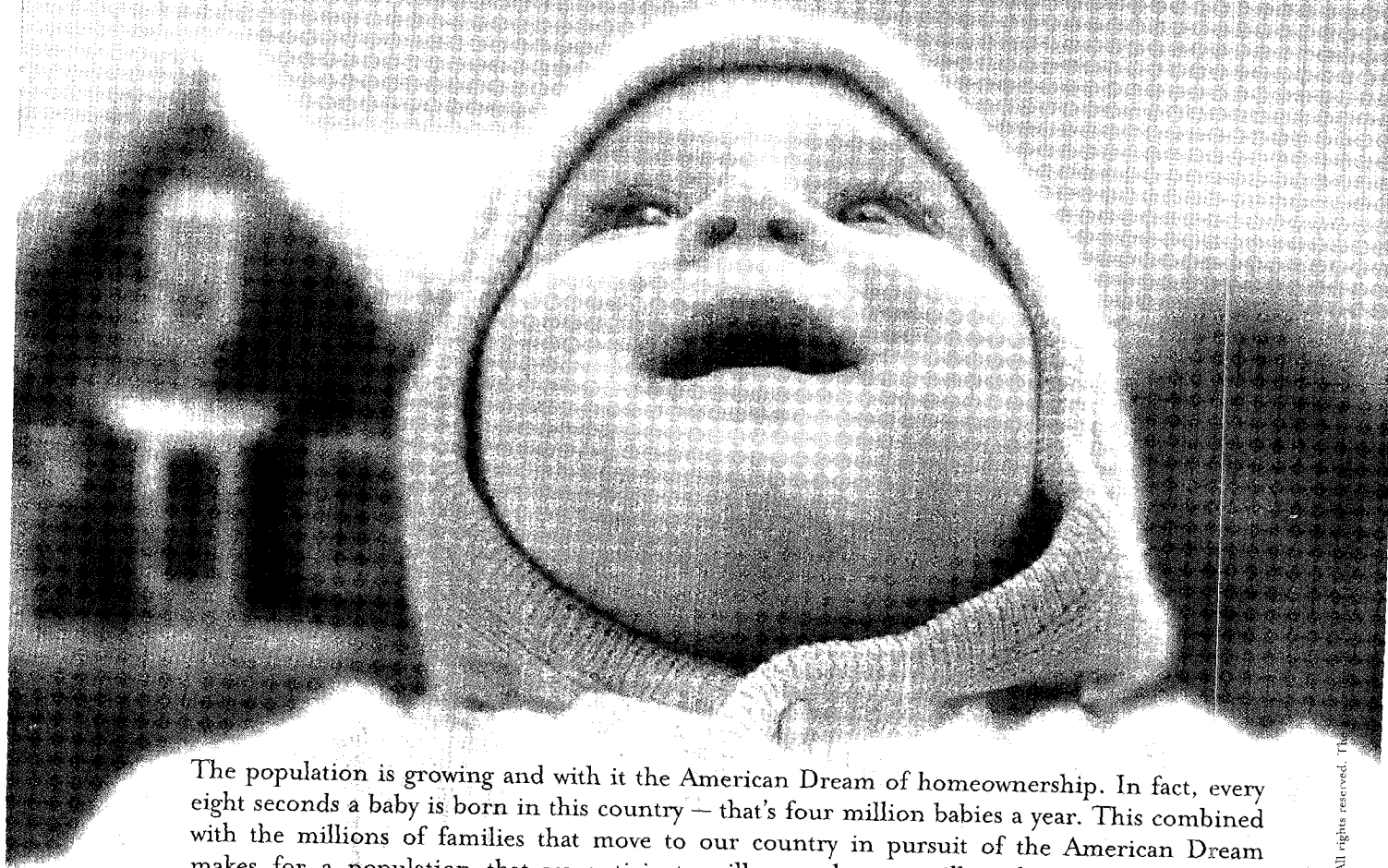
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